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THE

CAVE OF HOONGA,

A TONGAEN TRADITION,

In two Cantos.

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

MISS HINDMARSH.

Alnwick:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY W. DAVISON.

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PREFACE.

IT is generally thought necessary to assign a motive for giving publicity to poetic effusions, written for the purpose of *private* amusement. The author of the present juvenile productions candidly acknowledges, that *her* reasons are not of the most important nature. She *might* urge the desire of friends;—but that convenient retreat of vanity, interest, or other latent motives, at present affords neither shelter nor concealment. The lynx eye of criticism long ago penetrated the shade, and brought the trembling culprits to open shame!

The tradition related in MR. MARINER'S account of the Tonga Islands, though a *love tale*, is of no *common* nature. It possesses, in a considerable degree,

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the charm of novelty; and has many circumstances of touching interest attached to it. Indeed it is exquisitely adapted for the subject of a Poem; and if the attempt to render it in that form has not entirely failed,—the plain and very brief, though interesting narrative, must become doubly pleasing through the medium of versification, and the occasional aid of fictitious colouring where the original appeared imperfect.

The author *dare* not presume to say, that she has attained in her poetic relation, that rarest of all the graces of style—*simplicity;* yet she may confidently observe, that the simplicity of *nature* is in no respect violated by the studied phraseology of *art,* or caricatured under the garb of modern affectation.

Feenou is a lover, and a child of Nature, in one of her remotest islands. Unacquainted with the trick, or disguise of artful refinement, his sentiments must flow in the genuine language of simple affection, or he will not be the lover of a *South Sea*

Island! But, however the Poem may be executed, it must be *read* as the production of *eighteen*, and judged accordingly.

The author has frequently been surprised to hear persons of the best sense assert, that to publish poetry inferior to the effusions of a GRAY, or a THOMSON, (not to mention poets of higher fame,) is justly entitled to the name of presumption. Allowing this to be just,—*how many* shall be found *guilty* since the grave shrouded these distinguished luminaries! And shall a CAMPBELL, a MONTGOMERY, and a SCOTT, blush for the folly of *presumption*? Forbid it, justice, taste, and candour!

The author, without the slightest intention or wish of bringing *herself* into the scale of comparison, considers the idea extremely illiberal and erroneous. The *Eagle* flights of genius, amid clouds and storms, astonish and overpower us;—but who has not felt the peaceful soaring of the *Lark* a thousand times more pleasing? The song of the *Nightingale* is ex-

quisitely melodious,—but none on this account would chase, (of humbler note,) the *Linnet* and the *Blackbird* from our woods and vales!

Pursuing the metaphor in *feathers*, few will consider the *Mocking* bird an emblem of himself; yet, perhaps, the greatest bard has unwittingly mingled a *borrowed* note in his own delightful strain. And should the *mimic* propensity be discoverable in any part of this *unpretending* volume—the *charitable* will believe the author when she asserts, that she has always endeavoured to look into nature with her *own eyes*, and to consider every subject with an effort of her *own mind*. But the sentiments and descriptions contained in books float in the memory, and sometimes so indistinctly and vaguely, that they are mistaken by *self*-partiality for *original* conceptions.

It has been mentioned to the author as matter of surprise, that so many of her pieces (being juvenile productions) should be tinctured with *melancholy*.

Allowing that no personal motive exists for this disposition,—can a mind of any sensibility or reflection, look around on the scenes of misery daily exhibited, and accumulating in awful increase, without a *congenial* impression? Does not the sparkling eye of pleasure involuntarily grow dim with tears, and the breast of careless gaiety acknowledge itself capable of melancholy reflection? The tolling of a bell announcing in solemn accent the departure of a fellow-creature, naturally leads Melancholy to twine the cypress round Fancy's bower. But when the mind considers the *nature* of the exit, and the impenetrable mystery in which its future state of existence is shrouded, this feeling arises to sublimity! Besides, when the *joyous* spirit is on the wing, who can expect it tamely to alight and trace its feelings on *paper*? It is only in our *sober* hours that poetry becomes an amusement.

Though possessing little ambition, and still less vanity, the author considers it but just to say, that many of the detached pieces were written at the age

of *fifteen;* and even the more immediate productions of seventeen and eighteen claim a generous exemption from the *severity* of criticism on the score of *juvenility.* Maturity of judgment, extensive observation, and consequently an enlargement of ideas, have not set their seal on the author's talent, therefore *decisive* opinion must be suspended till that period. And even to pronounce sentence on *future* productions from the appearance of the *present* should be done with *caution.* The *juvenile* productions of LORD BYRON, the first Poet of the present day, excited the laugh of *contempt* in the world of critics!!

Perhaps the best recommendation the author can give her poetic effusions, is to say, that they were written with the greatest facility. She has too much compassion for her own feelings to sit down and *rack* her brain for ideas, and too much indolence of disposition for *dragging* together line after line by mere dint of *force* and *labour!*

ISABELLA HINDMARSH.

ALNWICK, April 30th, 1818.

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THE

CAVE OF HOONGA,

A TONGAEN TRADITION.

Canto First.

THE

CAVE OF HOONGA.

NO fairer Isles, does Ocean's wave
Than thine, remotest Tonga, lave;
No sweeter shore, or lovelier land,
E'er claim'd the Muse's glowing hand:
And yet thy landscapes smile unsung,
Where nature every charm has flung,
From the tall plantain, to the flower
That blooms within the summer bower.
Land of the Cocoa and the Palm!
Thy hills are fair, thy breeze is balm;
Thy vales in wild luxuriance bloom,
Rich with the Sandal wood's perfume;
And every dingle, every dell,
Says echo here delights to dwell.
High on the rocks that crown thy shore,
Where winds and waves contending roar,

At each loud dash and boisterous gale,
Echo returns her stormy hail!
With awful voice responsive shrieks
To spirits hovering o'er the steeps;
That midnight cry of blood, for blood
Still heaving on the conscious flood. *

The plough refines the stubborn soil,
And makes it bring forth wine and oil;
But, ah! no mortal hand can bind
The savage wildness of the mind,
Tame the fierce passions of the soul,
That spurn restraint and man's control.
Yet Tonga boasts her sons of fame,
And lauds departed Finow's name;
Finow, of mind, remorseless, brave,
The tyrant, or the suppliant slave,
Dauntless in war, in victory cruel,
Unmov'd at tortures, racks, or fuel;

* Finow, a Tonga chieftain, after one of his battles in the Hapai Islands, put all his prisoners to death, many of whom were taken out to sea, and there drowned. For some time after the natives believed they heard the groans of the unhappy victims, at night, among the caves and rocks.

See MARINER's ACCOUNT.

Base and exalted, hero—fiend,—
A virtue still a vice redeem'd.
Religion! had thy influence mild
Shed o'er this chieftain's bosom wild
One genial ray, the storm had ceas'd,
And mercy's voice had whisper'd peace.
But superstition's baneful weed,
By every breeze has sown its seed,
Uncheck'd it flies, and takes deep root,
Till every grain becomes a shoot;
Thus all o'ergrown, the mental soil
Presents dread field for Christian toil.
Ye * pious few, whose all of life
Has been one long-continued strife
Against the enemy of souls,
Your zeal unbounded as the poles,
Here the dark prince his standard rears,
While superstition sows his tares,
And delegated priests around,
Water with human tears the ground.

* Missionaries.

See! on that altar bath'd in blood,
The fire prepar'd, the rosin'd wood;
Behold the victim and the knife,—
The deep red wound and flowing life.
But, hark! a sound upon the ear
With thrilling wildness breathes despair,
Oh! 'tis a mother's piercing wail,
And nature sickens at the tale!
Still, still it sounds in fancy's ear,
Till horror freezes pity's tear! *
That frantic cry, "My child, my child,"
Seems echo'd o'er the ocean wild,
O! it still sounds on Britain's shore,
And asks redress from mercy's store.
See the wild mother's searching eye
Piercing each crowd that passes by,

* A woman whose child had been strangled as an offering to the gods for the recovery of her sick father, (according to the diabolical custom of the Island,) lost her reason in consequence of the shocking act. Mr. Mariner, then resident in the Island, was desired by Finow to *shoot* her, as her cries disturbed the people. Mr. Mariner of course refused with horror; but the Chief soon found one among his own people less scrupulous, and the unhappy woman's death completed the infamous sacrifice.

To catch the well-known voice and smile,
That did each hour of life beguile.
'Tis madness seeks thee, murder'd babe,
In every place but in thy grave,
O! 'tis insanity's deep cry,
That calls thee—victim doom'd to die,
And it has reach'd the list'ning sky!
Recoiling from these horrid scenes
Of pagan rites and hellish dreams,
Where murder on the loathing eye
Has sprinkled his ensanguin'd die,
And fancy bleeds at every pore,
Tinted and stain'd with human gore.
To prospects of a kindlier hue,
The outrag'd feelings turn their view:
O happy England! thy bless'd Isle
Lights up again the extinguish'd smile,
Thy peaceful hills refresh the sight,
And brace the mind with new delight,
For there no altar rears its head;
But o'er yon vale's embossom'd bed

The village church in humblest guise,
Points with its spire to smiling skies!
No mother here bewails her child,
Torn from her arms by zealots wild,
The simple school, or rustic play,
Allures the truant all the day,
But every eve a smiling face,
Flies to the mother's soft embrace.
Delightful thought! to fancy's view
All nature wears her loveliest hue;
She waves her wand, and, lo! arise,
Hills, vales, and woods, in summer's guise.
But still the charm of English ground
Is in the peasant's cottage found;
Picture the farm and rural seat,
And then the contrast smiles complete.
Ill-fated Tonga! on thy soil
No flower of peace repays thy toil;
No smiling home erects its head,
But feeling weeps o'er slavery's shed!
And yet the Bard of oral lay
Has rescued from oblivion's sway,

One record fair, that sweetly throws
A gleam of light o'er heathen woes.
A flower upon the carnag'd field,
A smile beneath the pallid shield,
A lily at the altar's base,
Unsullied by its hiding-place!
O could I bring that little flower
With brightest tint from fancy's bower!
Catch the faint smile from distant skies
Ere its last ling'ring beauty flies!

FEENOU'S SONG.

Now upon the green *malai* *
Maidens in the moonbeam dance,
Nor retire they, till young day
Lights the mountain with his glance.
Chieftains too, with bow and lance,
Nodding plume and mantle gay,
Sing of fav'rite beauty's power
In many a Tongaen roundelay.

* *Malai* is the Tongaen name for *lawn*.

Underneath the plantain's shade,
Silence with thy Feenou sits;
Not a sound our bower invades,
Save the dove that moaning flits.—
She her twilight station quits
To enjoy the moon's fair ray;
Then, my life, my Enna, come,
Love is mourning thy delay!

Did I not, when morning slept,
Steal her flowers embalm'd with dew?
And has she not with sorrow wept,
To see those flowers less sweet than you?
Hers are tears of sunny hue
From the solar radiance swept;—
Then, my Enna, haste, and bring
The wreath I twin'd when morning slept.

It could not speak, it could not sigh,
And tell you all that Feenou feels;
But, O! your comprehending eye
Would read the secret it conceals.—

To you each blushing flower reveals
What jealous power could ne'er descry,
Did they not love?—O sure they said,
" This evening stray where palms are high!"

But, ah! in vain I tune my reed,
Unless to hopeless love and woe;
My Enna's beauty is the meed
Of nobler chief than Feenou Toa! *
Royal power decrees it so—
Unconcern'd for hearts that bleed:
But soon in happy Boolotoo, †
Thy love shall smile, from tyrants freed.

So often sang the hapless youth;
And nature's strains are those of *truth*.
Amid the lone uncultur'd Isle
Is heard *her* voice, is seen *her* smile.

* Those who are acquainted with Cook's, or other voyages to the South Sea Islands, will find that the names here adopted are strictly appropriate.

† Boolotoo, Happy Island, or Land of the Departed.

Her altar is the untrodden hill,
Her bath the never-tasted rill,
Her hiding-place the forest high,
Unpierc'd by any human eye.
The ocean's cave she loves to roam
When winds and waves sigh all alone,
Or mount the promontory's height,
To view her empire, small, though bright,
And should one cloud obscure her sky,
No more she's seen by mortal eye!
But yet her temple is the breast
By art untutor'd—fairest, best.
Her sacrifice is not the dove—
Though emblem of herself, and love;
True bleeding hearts, and faithful sighs,
Are offerings which she deigns to prize,
And 'mid Australia's fairy Isles
Such incense on her altar smiles! *
Why should the tyrant in the slave
Man's noblest privilege invade?

* It would be the height of absurdity to suppose that the *lover's* sacrifice only, is acceptable to Truth! the idea merely suits the general colour of the story, and as such will be understood.

Or why the fancied rights of birth,
Disturb our common mother, earth?
There is a land where science smiles,
In ocean's bed, the Queen of Isles!
There is a land where culture blooms,
And freedom's flower sheds sweet perfumes!
And yet that land has veil'd her face—
And blush'd to see her sons' disgrace—
When on the scaffold, or the field—
The wild demoniac Murder reel'd
Drunk with the blood of human breast,
For titles lost, or rank possess'd!
Religion too! where is thy power,
Thy awful voice in such an hour?
Say, does the battle's fury drown,
Or smoke of arms conceal thy frown?
The trumpet's clang—the toil of dying,
The victor's shout o'er conquer'd flying?
No! 'tis the war of pride *within*,—
The rage of conquest's *mental* din,—
The laugh of wild *ambition's* power—
In blood triumphant for an hour,—

The glutted malice of *revenge*,—
Of fancied wrongs the cry, "*avenge*;"
These are the fiends, O loveliest power!
That drown thy voice in such an hour.
No more let horror's starting eye,
Detest the savage warrior's cry;
The tyrant of Australian Isle,
Than *Christian* tyrant is less vile!
The *altar* drench'd in human gore,
No more let Europe's sons deplore;
Unbiass'd reason calls it *one*,
Where'er oblation's act is done.—
Whether the *immolated* heap
Groan on the *altar*, *field*, or *deep*,—
Whether 'tis *superstition's* rite,
Or mad *ambition's victim*-fight,
Both are in Heaven's dread eye the same,
If difference aught, *ours* is the shame!
For bright as noon's effulgent ray,
Religion points the *Christian's* way;
While not a single guiding beam
Illumes the *Tongaen's* darken'd scene.

A chieftain in Vavaoo's * Isle,
Who liv'd beneath his country's smile,
Had one lov'd daughter young and sweet
As the wild flowers beneath her feet.
The olive hue alone betray'd
By deepest tint the Tongaen maid,
For Europe's beauty might not scorn
† Her features soft, and perfect form.
A jet black eye of mildest beam,
The Tongaen chieftains lov'd, I ween;
And prais'd the teeth of pearly hue,
Her parting lip expos'd to view;
Admir'd the hair of shining black
That wav'd in ringlets down her back,
Or intermingled with the leaves
Of hooni ‡ on her bosom wreath'd;

* Vavaoo, one of the Tonga Islands.

† Captain Cook describes many of the Tongaen women possessing European features, and some of them models of a perfect female figure.

‡ "Let us dress with the chi-coola, and bind our waists with bands of the guatoo; we will put on coronals of jiale flowers, and necklaces of *hooni*, to display our sun-coloured skins."
See MARINER'S ACCOUNT.

Vow'd,—when with matchless grace she bound
The flowing robe her waist around,
And twisted in her silken hair
The plume of crimson feathers rare,
A brighter form could not be found
In heathen land, or Christian ground.
It chanc'd the monarch of the Isle
Had brow, unmade to bend or smile:
Rapacious, cruel, stern of soul,
A tyrant without one control;
Fear'd, though detested, was his sway,
But slaves who tremble must obey.
A favour'd chieftain next in power
Sigh'd for the maid; O hapless hour!
When * Mataboole brought royal word,
That Ottoo should be Enna's lord!
Ah! who the wayward thought would blame,
That trembled at a dearer name,—
That linger'd o'er life's softest scene,
(To her, alas! a transient dream,)

* A king's minister.

When Feenou, handsome, young, and brave,
Ask'd for the love she trembling gave.
That name could now no longer bless,
But added keenness to distress!

A thwarted love, though calm before,
Becomes a wave that foams on shore,
Back to its bed it ne'er returns,
And barriers strong disdainful spurns,
Till reason in its boundless flow,
And sometimes virtue, tumble low!
Such was the storm in Feenou's breast;
A conflict that would know no rest.
He shunn'd the glance of human eye,
And to the forests deep would fly:
The light of day was horror—death—
It mock'd his grief with sunny breath;
The lightning's flash, the tempest's sweep,
Seem'd echoes to his sorrow deep!

It chanc'd that to a neighbouring Isle,
The monarch and his fav'rite vile

Repair'd for duty, or diversion,
And meant to take a long excursion;
And when return'd on happy tide,
Ottoo would claim his destin'd bride.
Some heavenly messenger of peace,
To Feenou whisper'd this release.
Perhaps it was a pitying *dove*, *
That mourn'd their disappointed love;
Perchance a *seraph* lingering near,
Might breathe the tidings in his ear.
No matter what—the change was wrought,
(Tradition leaves us here untaught,)
But sure it seems, that hope again
Whirl'd her light phantoms through his brain.
For, lover-like, he left the gloom,
That wrapp'd him in a living tomb,
With bold resolve to know his fate,
And brave the monarch's utmost hate.
With this intent he hover'd near
A walk which was to Enna dear,

* The woods in Tonga abound with Stock-doves.

(For spies are formidable things,
Thrice awful when employ'd by *kings*,)
And Feenou's *head* might dearly prove
How much his *heart* was sway'd by love!
With fix'd impatience in his eye
The lover watch'd each passer-by;—
But yet she came not, and the sun
His golden course had well-nigh run.
Sweet was the hour of twilight pale,
And sweet the dove mourn'd in the vale,
And soft and low the passing breeze
Sigh'd through the bending Cocoa trees;
And the night dance of Boo-ola *
Was sounding on the far malai!
But, hush! a voice more soft and sweet
Than music's soul, did Feenou greet.
He started at the well-known sound,
And through the tangled by-path wound,
Till Enna stood in mournful guise,
Before his scarce-believing eyes.

* Torch-light dance.

" Enna! my love! my soul's best part,
Dear as the blood that warms my heart,
Art thou still mine? O maiden speak!
Or at thy feet that heart will break!"
O! who in empty words would shew
The quick delight, the trembling glow,
That ting'd her olive cheek with red,
Or pal'd it when the current fled;
On Feenou's throbbing breast she fell,
And wept the love she could not tell!
And here oft met the youthful pair,
Their hopeless lot to weep and share,
When evening spread her pitying veil,
And silence only heard their tale.
Dear is the tie that gently binds
In love, or friendship, happiest minds,
When on life's rose no wind blows chill,
But sunshine breathes o'er every hill;
Where flow'rets paint the morning vale,
Unblighted by misfortune's hail,—
And heaven and nature join to bless
The shelter'd bower of wilderness!

But dearer far the mournful bliss,
When sorrow weeps o'er friendship's kiss,
When love's bright cheek is pale with care,
And pleasure finds no beauty there;—
O this is nature's tenderest tie!
The selfish feelings shrink and die,
Each thought, word, deed, unite to prove
That sorrow is the bond of love.

Have ye not mark'd the rose's die,—
Its blush—beneath a sunbeam's eye?
How bright its hue, how fair its swell,
Where smiles to fancy's vision dwell?
Have ye not gaz'd with soft delight
On pleasure's hue transform'd to sight—
With rapture prais'd the beaming flower,
Kiss'd its fair form—and left the bower?
'Tis eve,—the rose is wet with dew,
It gently weeps to fancy's view;
No longer bright, its drooping head
Proclaims the hour of sunshine fled,

While clust'ring leaves impervious close
The silent sorrows of the rose!
You stoop, and *pluck* the weeping flower,
As if it e'en had feeling's power,
And in your bosom place the *tear*
Which once a *smile* was banish'd there.
So does the smile on beauty's face
Oft yield its power to sorrow's grace;
So does the sigh, the tear impart
A kindred trembling through the heart.
The eye that gaily beams around,
Swift as its glance inflicts the wound;
Again it flies—the heart is whole,—
'Twas fancy's dart,—nor reach'd the soul!

Canto Second.

THE

CAVE OF HOONGA.

THE hour of love had wing'd its way,
Though Feenou woo'd its longer stay,
And yet she came not to the bower,
Its sweetest, fairest, loveliest flower.
The sun had shed his lingering beam,
And bid good night to vale and stream,
Though every leaf had woo'd his stay
With tears that said, " we love your ray."
The stock-dove flew from bower to vale
In silence to repeat her tale,
And chid the meddling echo's moan,
That would not let her wail alone!
But echo sporting with her woe,
Flits with the bird from bough to bough.

The full-orb'd moon serenely shone
To light the wretched Feenou home.

Unmov'd at grief, she coldly smiles
Above the earth's tumultuous Isles!
With lightning's speed he pass'd the wood
Where disappointment frowning stood,
But as he bounded through the glade,
A powerful arm his footsteps staid;
A figure mask'd * before him stood,
And pointed to a neighbouring wood.
In silence they pursu'd their track,
Till woods on woods commingled black.
" Now are we safe; the tale I bear
" Might not be trusted to the air:
" Our king and Ottoo have return'd,
" And vengeance in their eye-balls burn'd.
" A secret messenger was sent,
" To warn them of Laafoog's intent;
" Who in their absence sternly swore
" To drink the † Cocoa's milk no more,

* Many of the South Sea Islanders wear masks, (or a dress so ludicrously contrived as to answer the same purpose,) not only for occasional convenience, but from inclination, or probably whim.

† It is a common phrase among the South Sea Islanders, never to drink the milk of the Cocoa out of the shell till any thing is performed.

" Till death aveng'd his country's woe,
" By hurling the oppressors low!
" The plan was form'd with subtle art,
" And many a chieftain had his part;
" But treason rent the midnight veil,
" And, to be brief, there flies a tale,
" That ere to-morrow's sun shall rise,
" Laafoog with all his kindred dies!
" Not e'en the flow'ret of our Isle
" Another day shall live to smile;
" The daughter in the father's doom,
" Will find a dark and certain tomb.
" If thou canst save thy Enna, try,
" There may be time,—fly! Feenou—fly!"
The moments flew with lightning's speed,
Between the thought and swifter deed,
When many an eye was seal'd in sleep,
That soon should rest in calm more deep.
" Enna, my love! awake," (he cried,)—
The midnight breeze responsive sigh'd;—
Though frantic terror shook his frame,
Again he call'd her tender name;

No answer came, and distant sounds
Were stealing o'er the midnight ground.
This was no season for delay,—
He push'd the twisted branch away,
Love on a moonbeam shew'd the bed
Where softly she repos'd her head,—
And leaping on the matted floor,
The maiden from her hut he bore.
"Hush, my belov'd! thy Feenou's arms
" Have snatch'd thee from a thousand harms,
" What dost thou fear? O weep not so!
" Thy safety's mine—thy woe, my woe;
" Then trust my faithful care once more,"
He said—and hasten'd to the shore.
And now the friendly canoe glides
With lightning's speed across the tides,
While cautious love the tale imparts,
And sooths as it inflicts the smart.

The moon shone on a coral rock,
Which mock'd the wave of * Hoonga's shock,

* Hoonga is a very short distance from Vavaoo, both of which Islands are tributary to Tonga, or Tongataboo.

And under its protecting side
Did Feenou anchor with his bride;
And to her wond'ring ear address'd
A fearful wish, and strange request.
No lover, since the first-born ray
That wak'd creation's sleeping day—
To the last moon that heard a vow
When bending from heaven's radiant bow—
E'er begg'd from maiden, brown or fair,
A boon so strange—so strange a prayer.
" Enna, my love! say, wilt thou go
" With Feenou to the depths below?—
" And hide thy beauty from the day
" Till safety marks our happier way?
" Judge me not rashly, Tongaen maid,
" Though fear and doubt thy mind pervade;
" But listen to my tale—and smile,—
" 'Tis true—I swear by * sacred Isle!
" This morn, when diving, I espied
" A beauteous turtle in the tide;

* Tongataboo means sacred Isle.

" Long it eluded every art,
" Though skilfully I play'd my part,
" Till wearied with the subtle thing
" I made one last, and vigorous spring,
" The turtle fled, but smiling fate
" Threw me against a cavern great.
" I crept into the rocky cell,
" And found it fit abode to dwell;
" The water ripples round its base,
" But ne'er o'erflows the sacred place.
" Some god, a friend to hopeless love,
" Sure dropp'd the cave from seas above,
" * Untrod by mortal foot before,
" It opens now its friendly door!"
† The fearless maid plung'd in the wave,
And with her lover reach'd the cave.

And here tradition scarce need tell,
He wed the maid he won so well;

* The cavern can only be entered by diving into the sea. In the widest part it is about forty feet, and its medium height is supposed to be the same.

† The women in these Islands dive like fish. See TRADITION.

Or that Leander-like each day
The path of love o'er ocean lay!
Mats for her bed the chieftain brought,
And richest clothing finely wrought,
The choicest food her table grac'd,
And love's own hand the viands plac'd.
And e'en the * Sandal wood's perfume
Shed incense through her sea-girt room.
Soft was the light from † ocean's bed,
That through the cave a twilight shed;
No sun-ray pierc'd the wat'ry shade,
But lucent wave-beams softly play'd;
And silv'ry shells slept in the ray,
As bright on coral beds they lay;
And the light drops from cavern's side
In crystal sound did sweetly glide:—
Or gemm'd the sea-weed's vernal hue,
Like emerald starr'd with morning dew.
All was so hush, that silence e'en
Might undisturb'd enjoy her dream.

* Sandal-wood oil is used by the women for perfuming themselves.

† The only light in the cave is reflected from the bottom of the water.

See TRADITION.

Or if amid the twilight calm
A sound was heard, its breath was balm,—
It lull'd the starting nymph to sleep,
With noiseless murmur soft and deep.
The little echoes faintly sigh'd
To waves above, that foam'd with pride,
Or wash'd the shore with angry sweep—
Or murmuring kiss'd the lordly steep;—
But at the magic name of *love*,
Even echo's tongue forgot to move!
She listen'd to the novel sound—
She started,—but no answer found;—
For since her birth the ocean's wave
Ne'er sigh'd such music through the cave.
She lisping tried the *mimic* strain,
But all her efforts prov'd in vain,
Love has no echo but the breast
Where spotless *truth* delights to rest!

Meanwhile the chief in haste prepar'd
Dependants, slaves,—all those who shar'd
In his protection, power, or smile,
To emigrate to Fiji's Isle.

So well was plann'd the secret flight,
That under shade of friendly night,
The chieftain and his followers lay
At anchor in Vavaoo bay.
All was soon ready,—and the sail
Flutter'd beneath the moonbeam pale.
His followers now with one accord,
To take a wife, their chief implor'd;
A lovely maid from Tongaen Isle,
Would exile's weary hours beguile;
And Tongaen maids were lovelier far,
Than Fiji's daughters train'd in war.
With playful smile he wav'd his hand,
And pointed to a distant land;
The obedient canoes answering glide
With glancing swiftness cross the tide.

But now the lover's rock appear'd,
And Feenou 'neath its shelter steer'd;
Commanding every canoe's stay,
Till from the deep he brought to day,
A Tongaen bride of beauty rare,
Through life his heart and power to share.

Then plung'd beneath the sparkling wave,
And bore his love from ocean's cave.
The Tongaens hail'd the streaming pair
With shouts that rent the moonlight air,
Triumphant sped across the tides,
Swift as a beam from ether glides!
Not long the Fiji Isles retain'd
The youthful pair, thrice happy, nam'd,
For death, the tyrant's conquering foe,
Soon laid Vavaoo's monarch low;—
And the dear country of their birth,
To them the loveliest spot on earth,
Receiv'd once more her children's smile,
And joy relum'd Vavaoo's Isle!

But, ah! the thought is mix'd with care,
What sacrifice was offer'd there?
What incense to the gracious power
That led them through each dangerous hour?
Perchance a thousand lives would flow
By knife direct—or lingering woe,
Perchance the tears that nature shed
Might wash away the darker red!

And shall not man of *Christian* name
To *heathen* man his light proclaim—
Draw from his eyes the tenfold shade?
Oh yes! the time is but delay'd.
The cloud of future years has roll'd
Its misty volume, deep, untold,—
From extramundane heights that wrap
Events to come in fate's dread lap;—
O'er time's great deep it hangs suspended,
And light is with its shadow blended!
Ye eyes prophetic, fix your gaze,
For like the star of Bethlem's rays
'Twill guide you to its destin'd place.
See how it moves its form sublime,
Big with a mission, great, divine,
O'er southern seas it steers its way,
Where poor benighted heathen stray.
Now fancy turn thy radiant eye,
And view from yonder lucent sky
The cloud transform'd to golden light,
Where all before was shade or night;
O see each concentrated beam
Shine on beclouded Tonga's scene!

The mists of error disappear,
And roll in volumes through the air;
The snakes of hell no longer twine
Around the heart's polluted shrine,
No longer does their poisonous breath
Exhale around despair and death.
This is no atmosphere for them,
The viper lives but in his fen!
Descending from the ambient air
Behold a form divinely fair;
The starry crown proclaims her name,
And golden clouds support her frame;
Celestial pity bathes her face
In tears for man's apostate race.
Thrice has she wav'd the olive bough
O'er prostrate heathen, sunk in woe,
Thrice has entreated every soul
To yield his heart to her control;
Then from her bosom drew a book,
And with an awful gesture took
The volume in her snowy hand,
And dropp'd it on the heathen land.

" Read this, (she said,) be good, be wise,"
And vanish'd to her native skies.
But see! on yonder fearful height,
A form uprears the flag of night,
While livid meteors from her eye
Glare on the rocks that round her lie:
And ever and anon she waves
A lurid torch o'er prostrate slaves.
But see, its light is glimmering pale,
Hear the mad phantom's dreadful wail,
As oft she dips the expiring flame
In lightning from her frantic brain;
But every meteor fire that darts
With scowling haste her wish athwarts.
Hark! 'tis a whirlwind rends the sky,
Or was it but the phantom's cry?
'Twas hers and hell's united shriek,
The flame is out! and from the steep
She plunges headlong in the deep;
The waters wrap the infernal maid
In deepest death's eternal shade.
Wild superstition's reign is past,
And such a calm succeeds her gasp,

As sleeps on those portentous seas,
That wait the tempest's death-wing'd breeze.
Hush! o'er the hills strains softly float,
Sure 'tis some wandering seraph's note,
The very air seems music's soul,
And all the clouds sweet numbers roll,
Even ocean's wave has caught the strain,
While echo sighs it o'er again,
And harps unseen among the trees
Sing hymns to every passing breeze.
The silent flowers that smile around,
And give their fragrance to the ground,
With breathless joy and fairy voice,
Melodious murmur—" we rejoice!"
While lucid tears of softest bliss,
Their tiny leaves delighted kiss.
And now among the deep green trees,
A little church the traveller sees;
And sweetly chimes the sabbath bell
O'er mountain, valley, wood, and dell.
O! sound that breathes of heavenly peace,
Fair harbinger of man's release,

How does the heart responsive thrill,
When thy glad tones swell o'er the hill!
How does the grateful tear confess
The praises that are utterless,
When mingling with the early breeze
Thy music vibrates through the trees!
And seems to whisper o'er again
The notes of that seraphic strain,
That bless'd the shepherds' wondering ear
On Bethlem's plains:—O anthem dear!
" To man good-will on earth is given,
" The Saviour comes to purchase heaven!"
The sabbath bell—the name is sweet!
What magic in its numbers meet!
And, as if beauty fled its sound,
A sudden charm the meads surround:
The flower with milder colour glows,
A sweeter fragrance scents the rose,
A brighter verdure paints the green,
And hallows all the sabbath scene!
The streams mysterious converse hold,
A sacred charm the woods enfold,

And more than earthly slumbers rest
On nature's consecrated breast!
For He that bless'd the seventh day
Still smiles upon the Christian's way.
This is the magic—this the spell
That trembles in the holy knell;
And with enchantment all divine,
Renews to earth her Eden prime!
Then shall the Tongaen bard rehearse,
The joys of heaven in sainted verse,
Then shall his raptur'd muse proclaim
A Saviour's love in purer strain!
O! soon prophetic vision shine
In real majesty divine;—
And change illusive *fancy's* theme
To that which is no more a dream!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Miscellaneous Poems.

TO THE

GENIUS OF THE ALN.

WHEN morning lights the eastern cloud,
And glances pale o'er tower and tree,
Where, Genius of the winding Aln,
Shall fancy turn to stray with thee?

What happy shade in evening hour
Around thee weaves its sylvan bough,
When from thy lightly-murmuring lyre
Ethereal strains to nature flow?

What favour'd echo bears the sound
O'er vales of Eden-smiling hue—
O'er swelling meadows flower-enwreath'd,
And hills of woodland-crested view?

Where 'neath the rock-impending banks,
And shelving woods of verdant head,
Thy streamlet wends its silver way
Along its willow-border'd bed.

Where is thy bower? O Genius say,
Not *fancy* e'en the spot can tell,
By beauty favour'd *every* grove
May ask thee in its shade to dwell.

If *here* I say thou lov'st to roam,
For nature's richest hues combine,
A fairer scene out-glowing this
Demands my verse to call it thine!

But chief in *Huln's* sequester'd vale
The impress of thy step I trace,

For *nature* e'en might rear her throne
Amid united rural grace!

I see thee crown'd with vernal wreath,
And in thy hand the magic bough,
That marks thy river's winding course,
And points its waters where to flow.

I see thee on surrounding cliffs
O'erhung with flowering shrub and tree,
Delighted view in one wide gaze
All beauty of the earth and sea!

There gleams along the extended coast,
The broad expanse of waters blue,
And frowning o'er each glancing wave
The * castled rocks of time-worn hue.

Here Cheviot rears his lordly head,
And bursts his cloud-enwreathing veil;

* Bamborough and Dunstanborough castles.

So *fancy* through the mist of years
Recals to view the * hunting tale.

She hears the bugle horn resound,
She sees the glancing spear upheld,
When Percy chief and Douglas bold
Amid the woeful contest fell.

Here stand † religion's crumbling towers,
That tell of honours pass'd away;—
And distant *there* the ‡ princely heights
Of many a Percy great and gay.

What though no more within its hall
The steel-clad warriors proudly throng,
What though no more to feats of war
The harp resounds, or minstrel song;

* Chevy chase—the scene of which lay in these mountains, if we may credit ballad authority.

† The ruins of Huln Abbey.

‡ Alnwick Castle.

Far dearer to the gentle ear
The smiling notes of peace resound,
Than feudal din, or pomp, or lay
Of dauntless temple, helmet-bound.

Where hidd'st thou then thy peaceful head,
O Genius of the water'd vale?
When morning woke the trumpet's voice,
And Cynthia gleam'd on plaited mail?

Retir'd to deep embowering glades,
Say, didst thou twine the victor's wreath?
Or, to renown and glory cold—
Didst thou his lonely requiem breathe?

No longer now along thy banks
The lurid watch-fire gilds the air,
Nor proudly-prancing charger's neigh,
Nor sentry's measur'd footstep there!

But all is peaceful, all is still,
Save where the linnet pours her lay,

Or where the blackbird cheers the vale
From early morn to closing day.

And sacred still be thy retreat,
O Genius of the Aln fair,
No footstep on thy flow'ret tread
But which is *peace*-conducted there!

BEAUTY.

I THOUGHT her fair, because she smil'd,
And sweetly sooth'd my trembling fear;
I thought her fair, when grief beguil'd
Her gentle eye of pity's tear!
I thought her fair, when to the shed
Of want and care her footstep turn'd;
I thought her fair, when by the bed
Of friendless woe she watch'd and mourn'd!
I thought her fair, O passing fair!
When I the soft detection made,
She blush'd—and said, she claim'd no share
Of merit in the act, or praise!
I thought her fair as angel grace
When injur'd, and in fame belied,
A transient feeling cross'd her face—
She look'd to *Heaven*—the hectic died!

But when in her traducer's praise
Her gentle lip assenting mov'd,—
I look'd—with awe's inquiring gaze—
She pointed to a *Book*—'twas prov'd!

STANZAS.

(WRITTEN IN 1816.)

WHILE mem'ry lives, this hapless day
To thy remembrance shall be bless'd,
This cloud which darken'd life's glad ray,
And veil'd thee from my sorrowing breast.
Yes, and when each revolving year,
This well-remember'd hour returns,
For thee shall flow the silent tear,
For thee reposing in thine urn!

No summer sun and vernal air
Mock'd with their smiles our anguish'd grief,
No verdant meads, or flow'rets fair,
With wanton gayness bloom'd relief;
But drear was the December sky,
O emblematic of our fate!
When death extinguish'd in thine eye
The spark which beam'd with life elate.

And oft I think, that on this day
Thy gentle shade may leave its home,
And hover round the mouldering clay,
Which once thy spirit call'd its own!
And when night's deep reposing shade
In slumber seals my weary eyes,
O then in dreams which cannot fade,
I see thy heavenly form arise!

Perchance, around my curtain, thou
Art then in watchful care employ'd,
And breathing o'er my sleeping brow,
The prayer which bless'd me ere thou died!
Ah! when I feel of grief the power,
When sickness bows my languid head,
In vain I ask thy soothing power,
In vain I wish thee near my bed!

And O, at eve, when many a star
With trembling radiance lights the sky,
I gaze upon these worlds afar,
With anxious heart and wistful eye.

For, O my Mother! there thy form
In heavenly beauty may reside;
Ah! that I far from life's dark storm,
Were happy by thy angel side!

This earth was no fit place for thee,
Thy virtues claim'd a brighter sphere,
And ne'er shall earth thy likeness see,
Nor ever hold such goodness here.
In thee united every grace
Of temper mild, of taste refin'd,
Religion found her dwelling-place,
And O! that eye proclaim'd thy mind!

And oft with vain regret I sigh
That heaven had me, more like thee made,
Or that to guide me thou wert nigh,
Through life's bewildering, thorny shade.
For O, as through its maze I stray,
With heedless step and wandering eye,
Without thee I may lose my way
In many a path where dangers lie!

Yet O! no selfish wish is mine,
I would not, if I could recal
Thy gentle spirit back again,
To this our world of bitter gall.
To linger out a few more years,
Beneath the gloom of earthly skies,
Again to shed the burning tears
Which misery draws from mortal eyes.

Wherever now thy place of rest,
I know that happiness is thine;
I feel (how conscious!) thou art bless'd,
And can I at thy fate repine?
A few more tears, a few more sighs,
May longer mark my lengthen'd day,
But soon to thee in happier skies,
My soul shall wing its joyful way!

THE

NIGHTINGALE'S SONG

TO THE ROSE.

WHY bloom so near my pensive bower,
In radiant beauty—dazzling rose?
I love thee not, thou smiling flower,
Unfit companion for my woes!
Though poets idly feign and sing,
* That thee I woo in blooming spring,
When dewy twilights close.
A bride too gay thou art for me,
And mine is love too sad for thee!

* "The nightingale on seeing the rose becomes intoxicated, and loses the reins of prudence, &c."

See PERSIAN FABLE.

They say thou weep'st—but O! thy tears,
Thy silver tears, are those of bliss!
They say thou sigh'st—but sweet thy fears,
'Tis when the infant zephyrs kiss!—
And when the morn in eastern bower
Is painting twilight's paly flower—
Half hid in weeping mists;—
With joy expands thy fluttering breast,
That thou shouldst grace her lucent crest.

And when I pour my evening song,
I view thee drooping, pensive, mild,
With closing eye the flowers among,
I almost think thee sorrow's child.
But twilight whispers through the trees,
(For I her fav'rite votary am,)
" Beware—she mourns the noontide breeze,
" And sun, that shews her blushes wild;
" 'Tis vanity that makes her sigh,
" She loves me not, of shading eye!"

Then, beauteous rose, the tender sigh
For thee shall never trembling rise;

But violet sweet, of dark blue eye,
Shall woo me where she weeping lies!
For her my melting song shall flow,
In softest tone of lover's woe,
When twilight veils the skies.
A bride too gay thou art for me,
And mine is love too sad for thee!

SONNET TO MUSIC.

HEAVEN-WAFTED sound from lips celestial!
When first thy breath sigh'd in the Eden breeze,
And every zephyr of our world terrestrial
Swell'd the soft echo through the roseate trees;—
Since that bright hour, when Seraph voices chanted
From the deep crimson of enfolding clouds
Man's natal morn, till all creation panted,
And mountains, vales, and seas, prolong'd the anthem loud;—
Since then, even in our warring world, thy strain
Harmonious blends, and sooths, and pours,
Its influence peaceful, lightens and charms our pain,
And by its magic gilds the gloom of earthly hours.
Music, I love thee! but be mine the song
Warbled at eve from the low woody vale,
(When slant the hill the moonbeam shadows throng,)
Wild, free, and plaintive, as the mountain gale!

O! I could listen till the dying wail
By fancy's hand embodied, breathes a form,
And 'fore mine eyes some long-lov'd, long-lost friend,
Flits, smiles, and blesses me,—then gleams away,
And mingles with the shades that mist the pale
moon's ray.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE GENII OF

LIGHT, DARKNESS, AND TWILIGHT.

Scene.—An eminence faintly illuminated by the waning sun.

Genius of Darkness. Hail, sunny form!
Come not within mine eye-beam;
For its vision keen was made,
Not to bear light, but to pierce darkness,
Not to sustain, but searching to descry.
Thou only dazzlest, for here I view
No bright irradiation in thy sphere.
. . . . . Where is the sun?

Genius of Light. Thy time thou'st chosen well!
For in the midway sky had my proud sire
Been tossing to and fro his burning rays,
Thou wouldst have fled, swift as the beam

That blinded thee with lustre!
But look—how dignified in lowly majesty
He glances through the hedge-rows,
And shoots his level beam.

Genius of Darkness. And yet the hour of fading glory
Seems to him an arch triumphal,
Through which he leaves his kingdom,
Amid the worship of empurpled clouds,
And mists that hover dropping tears of gold!
The mellowing tint of distance veils
His brightness, and safely I behold him.

Genius of Light. Such is the hero
In life's waning day; the fire
Which flash'd upon a world is sober'd
To sweet light, and in mild concentration cheers
The sphere of home, through many a
Lingering day. But mark his parting
Glance,—wherein all former glory,
Beauty, and renown, beam renovated,

And burst upon the world, as heretofore,
In one deep blaze, then sink for ever
From the view, but not the heart of man!
Turn, thou sable sprite, and view
The strain exemplified,———
The sun bids earth farewell!

Genius of Darkness. Of this enough,—
To boast thy fairer joys is but
To mock *my* fate!———
But why this peace, this almost
Dead serenity on nature's face—
Without my aid?
Methought, when twilight in her
Grey disguise stole the imperial
Sceptre from my hand, tumult, disorder,
Hurry, and confusion, the theft pursued;
And like the ocean's tempest-rolling
Wave, in furrowing sweep and oft,
Plough'd earth's shore, till my
Dread banner o'er the mountain
Tops wav'd nature into silence, with

Her noisy store of mortals, than
The elements more ungovernable!

Genius of Light. The peace of *twilight*
Hovers o'er the world; to thy cold
Gloom how beautiful!

Genius of Darkness. Impotent usurper!
Feeble as the whim that gave her birth!
For nature has weak moments! such
Was that when twilight born of clouds
Shar'd the imperial sway of light and darkness.
From thee, as well as me, she steals
That which creates her power,
And yet thou dost protect her!

(Genius of Twilight alights.)

Genius of Light. Hail, pensive sister!
Who that sees thy tear, and veil
Grief-tinted, but must love thy sorrow,
And thy gentle sway! Empire

With thee *I* gladly share, but not
This gloomy power, he charges
Thee with treason; speak for thyself.

Genius of Twilight. I meekly do protest
Against the right of aërial power
To charge me with usurping sin.
I own no law but nature's!
At her command I take my sceptre
And I lay it down. A nearer tie
Than aught in air binds me to light
And darkness, for of both I share the nature.
Lustre is not mine, nor gloom of
Midnight hour; tears form my
Diadem, and nature's sighs my vest;
My hue is that of shadow, and I dwell
In essence wreath'd by melancholy's hand.
Behold my peaceful reign! The
Eastern clouds, as if to sleep, do
Fold themselves together, shading
The slumber-loving earth that asks
Their friendly curtain. The wearied

Breeze blesses the hand that smooths
Its ruffled cloud, and lulls its wild-song
Into silence; while o'er the meadow
Skims on noiseless wing, the bird
To its low nest, whose bending
Flight and swift, adds stillness to
The scene; at least the eye such
Fancy images.———
. . . . My shadow circles
All, from the high mountain to
The valley's flower, save where the
Western sky betrays its love of solar radiance
Blush-distain'd; and shadow'd by the
Stream, that prattling thing that
Talks of its own beauty, yet owes
Its glancing azure, silver hue, or gold,
To skies of changing light;———
But I detain ye.———

Genius of Light. My chariot is a sunbeam,
And where light is, there am I,—
Well hast thou spoken!

Genius of Darkness. Daughter of glimmering
cloud!
Thine eye is pensive as thy *office,*
And mine is gloomy as my *kingdom;*
Nature wills it so. I view'd thee
Through its medium, but by thy
Influence even *I* am soften'd! more
I disdain to say.——Farewell!
But first—with this assurance part,
That in *my* kingdom, wonders awful
As a mystic's dream, each on its
Wheel of system turns, unseen
But by mine eye!—And perchance,
Of light, fair spirit, some enshrouded
Evolution may affect thy boasted day
More than thou art aware; for
Chaos it is not, an unform'd cloud,
But to the feeble eye of mortal,
And of thine.——Farewell!
Short is thy reign, O twilight!
Mine begins.————

SONG.

DEAR scenes that are past, a long, long adieu,
Yet ah! in my bosom you're pictur'd too true;
Why, why does not memory fly with our joy,
And torturing fancy then cease to destroy?

When pleasure shall fade, may its traces fade too,
As the sun's burning splendour drinks up the cold dew;
When joy is extinct, may remembrance no more
Paint life in the colours we view'd it before!

But may thy dark stream dull oblivion efface
The records of bliss, of time, and of place,—
When the gay smile of hope shall no longer delight,
And fancy's soft blandishments fade on the sight.

THE

LOVER'S VOW.

LAMP of heaven's ethereal bow,
Listen to a lover's vow!
While the dusky cloud of night
Dips her vesture in thy light,—
Or the shadow of thy beam
Trembles on the lucid stream,—
While on shoreless seas, the sail
Whitens to thy lustre pale,—
Or the wave-beat cliff displays
Gulfy caverns to thy rays,—
Where the spirits of the deep
Nightly converse howling keep,
Breathing fateful vengeance dark
To the swiftly-gliding bark;—

While o'er wood and haunted tower
Fitful shapes thy gleamings pour,
Where the owl's portentous shriek
Breaks the weary traveller's sleep;—
While the stars in yonder sky
Fade before thy full-orb'd eye,—
Hide their faint diminish'd rays,
From thy beauty-beaming gaze,—
Mary's image in my breast,
Reigns alone for ever bless'd!

THE

WAIL OF THE DYING.

HARK! the wild wailing—
Through twilight low sailing—
In death-breathing cadence does flow;
'Tis the wail of the dying,—
The spirit is flying—
From chains of oppression and woe!

The hall of the mighty—
Once glowing so brightly,—
Ah! why has its fair beaming fled?
The song of the sprightly—
Once flowing so lightly—
Why chang'd to the wail of the dead?

The armour is clotted
In dust—and bespotted
With blood from the heart's spouting vein,
The rider has fallen—
And glory is calling
His spirit from war-mingled slain.

No more shall the mountain—
The valley, or fountain—
Re-echo his footstep at morn;—
No more shall the cheering
Of hunt, or of spearing—
Awaken the sound of his horn!

The wife of his bosom—
Shall fade as a blossom,
When bar'd to the breeze of the north;
Her shelter is vanish'd,—
Her glory is banish'd
To fade in the cold-breathing earth!

The tree is uprooted—
That far and wide shooted
Its branches untouch'd by decay;
The flowers in its shading—
His children are fading,—
For storms have o'ershadowed their day!

O! sad is the wailing
Through twilight low sailing,—
'Tis the dirge of the silent and brave;
The spirits of mourning—
O'ershadow his urning,—
And beckon his corpse to the grave!

THE

GENIUS OF NONSENSE.

MY *winglet* is form'd of a sigh
Just heav'd by a new-born babe,
And as for my beautiful eye—
'Tis a *sparklet* that flits from the wave.
My brain is a particle fine,
With a thousand of organiz'd parts;
To repeat all their names I've no time,
Though, believe me, I know them by heart.
Not quite so abstruse is my tongue,
'Tis a point of quicksilver so fluent,
That a beam from the silly old sun
When compar'd with its speed is a truant!
My voice is the turn of a quaver
Wild-warbled by Madam Squallini,—

My love is the curve of a waver,
Seen only when mornings are sunny.
My flag I purloin'd from a speck
That dappled a butterfly's wing,
And its staff is a hair from the neck
Of Oberon's delicate queen.
I was born in the vale's lily cup,
And nurs'd by the milk from its stem,
But like mortals I'm fond of a trip,
And sometimes flit into a *pen!*
I've a snug little cell in the brain
Of *poets*, of *lovers*, and *ladies*,
And such is my ticklish vein,
That I sometimes make *wiser* folk babies.
'Tis strange how despotic my sway,
For a being so small in dimension,
And though every land owns my birth-day,
You may call me the *ci-devant Frenchman!*

THE

DAISY.

(WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.)

BLOW softly, mountain breezes, blow,
Nor hither bring the drifting snow;
The daisy blooms so pale and low,
O'er her fair form, blow softly, blow.
No gaily varied tints appear
To greet with joy the new-born year,
Her pensive welcome seems to wear
Hope's smile fair beaming through a tear.
Death-nipping blasts and sleety showers,
May blight the harbinger of flowers,
For cold the sun gleams on the form,
He rears beneath the mountain storm.

Then softly, mountain breezes, blow,
Nor hither bring the drifting snow;
The daisy blooms so pale and low,
Blow softly, mountain breezes, blow!

FANCY.

BY thee conducted, fancy, I would stray
And pluck the flow'rets scatter'd o'er thy way;
Bind the wild wreath around my joyful brow,
And at thy temple pay my willing vow;
Or through the mystic windings of the vale
Catch thy soft voice responsive in the gale,
Tread the deep vault of some monastic pile,
And listen to the owl that screams along the aisle;
Or watch the moonbeam on the sculptur'd floor
Lengthen its shadow through the ivy'd door;
Or view, reposing on the lake's smooth breast,
Each spire-crown'd turret tipp'd with Cynthia's crest!
Transport me, fancy, to that lonely shore
Where listening to the wild plash of the oar,
The mingled accent of a maniac's song,
Rose on my ear; its dying tones prolong'd

By the wild dash of the enfuriate billow,
That gave to misery a reposing pillow!
. . . . . Such was the strain.
" On this wave-beaten rock shall poor Clara abide,
" Till wash'd to the deep by the pitiless tide,
" The sea-bird's wild scream as it flits o'er my head,
" And dips its pale wing in my watery bed,
" Is the only sad wail for poor Clara's repose,
" 'Tis a dirge emblematic of heart-breaking woes;
" Ah! thou salt wave, roll swiftly along,
" And finish at once my cares and my song,
" No tomb is so sacred, no grave half so sweet,
" As the dark heaving waters that ebb at my feet,
" For—ah my torn heart! there Henry is sleeping—
" I come, my fond love!" from the ocean-cliff leaping
She plung'd in the deep—I heard the wild sigh
Of the circling waters—the sea-bird's deep cry
Thrice rose on my ear, thrice quiver'd—then died,
Or mingling sunk in the deep-roaring tide.
Lead me, fair goddess, to the mountain wild,
To pluck the heath flower, solitary child,
Gaze on the landscape's boundless stretch below,
Floating in ether's golden-tinted glow.

Towers, rocks, and woods, in swimming grandeur rise,
While lakes and seas reflect the varied dies.
Then let us wind along the mountain side,
To the low cot where health and peace abide,
Peep through the lattice, woodbine-intertwin'd,
And view the pleasures of the lowly hind;
Trace on his features calm a mind at ease,
A heart content with innocence and peace.
See round his feet the fairy ring of love,
His girls and boys in rustic gambols move,
While o'er the arm of his grass-woven chair,
Leans the fond partner of his joy and care.
Nor scorn the scene, ye lofty, proud, and great,
Ye owe your power to that same bounteous fate,
Who, in denying riches, gives content
A guiltless bosom from a life well spent.
What are *your* pleasures? nature bears no part
In their formation; unsubdued, the heart
Partakes not in the follies it pursues,
Nor throbs responsive to their glittering hues!

Ah! does your wealth, your power, bestow repose?
On your soft pillow grows affection's rose?
Does tender friendship watch by you and weep,
When grief disturbs the calm of midnight sleep?
Sooth by her smiles, and charm your pain away,
Till joy rebeaming shine on life's dark day?
Or does the poor man's breathing sigh to bless—
At evening hour your generous soul confess?
The orphan's prayer does it ascend the sky
When your kind hand has wip'd his tearful eye?
The simple orison availing more,
Than incense burning to earth's farthest shore!
No joys like these your steely hearts can know,
The tide of feeling freezes ere it flow.
When evening shrouds her charms in twilight's veil,
And all is sweetly pensive, softly pale;
Each form fantastic by thy whimsy aid
Shall change its nature, every mingling shade
That flits athwart the concave of the sky,
Shall teem with wonders through thy magic eye!
O guide me, fancy, to enchanted bowers
Where silver streams bedew perennial flowers,

Where aërial music floats among the trees,
And harps of seraphs tremble to the breeze.
Give me a foretaste of that land of love,
Where angels twine celestial wreaths above,
And bind for ever in their happy bowers,
Peace with the sunshine of her golden hours;
And, O! amid the beauteous throng may I,
The parent and the friend at once descry,
Then lengthen out thy spell, celestial maid,
Nor let the world's intrusive cares invade;
For then thy magic is of power divine,
It wraps my soul in dreams of bliss sublime,
Heaven to my ravish'd view unveils its ray,
With glories brighter than meridian day! *

* These lines were composed at a very early age, (with several others which I cannot correctly mark, having forgot their dates,) and in consequence are scarcely worthy of the beautiful power from which they are entitled. *Fancy* being that *Genius* of the *mind* from whom the Poet receives his inspiration, at *her* shrine should he offer the most perfect fruits and flowers of the mental garden.

STANZAS.

IF in a scene so calm, so fair,
One restless thought could murmuring rise,
In vain might breathe the whisp'ring air
Its magic power to sooth the skies!
In vain, beneath its peaceful sigh,
The flower its dewy leaves should close,
Or Cynthia's soporific eye
Enchant the wave to deep repose!

One banish'd thought of grief or care,
One feeling charm'd from toil to rest,
For ever blooms a flower more fair
Than blush of rose, or nature's breast!

Where is the mind in such an hour
That feels not more of *spirit's* frame?
That feels not some pervading power
Dissolve its tensive earth to flame?

Ye peaceful hills and slumb'ring vales,
And thou, benignly smiling moon,
Ye bring the thought which nought avails,
The thought that seeks a *mother's* tomb!
And that of her, who kindly strove
A mother's absence to supply,
With more than friendship's, woman's, love,
And more than kindred's boasted tie!

O buried loves! the thought is pure
That lingers o'er your lowly beds,
It murmurs not—it seeks no cure,
But that which silent sorrow sheds!
But that, which from the tear-drop flows
When recollection sees the past,
And numbers in its earthly woes
The greatest and the heaviest last!

When philosophic, first I view'd
The peaceful scene that woke my strain,
I thought no sorrow might intrude
Amid the calm of nature's reign;
I thought—but no—the holy sigh
That trembles o'er a sainted grave,
Is sweeter than the summer's eye,
And milder than the summer's wave!

Ah! who to nature's charms untrue,
The gilded paths of art would tread?
Can art the bosom's ice subdue—
Or wake the tears for virtue dead?
O! can she teach the heart to glow
With purer, milder, lovelier ray?—
Or sweetly o'er affliction throw
A faint, faint, shining tint of day?

No! these are nature's higher claims,
Her fairer, dearer privilege these;
We hear them in the linnet's strains,
We feel them in the whispering breeze!

We see them in the smile of spring,
And bless them in the autumnal sigh,
And flitting on their varied wing
We trace their source above the sky!

SONNET.

THE harvest moon arisen in crimson state,
Hung her broad disk, like an ensanguin'd shield,
O'er the dark battlements of Linden's tower.
Beneath which wav'd in gloomy majesty,
A melancholy wood, spreading in grandeur,
And shedding round its base in sullen silence,
The autumnal leaves of sympathetic ruin!
Meanwhile, advancing to the midway sky,
The deep sublimity of Cynthia faded
Into a pale and pensive beauty, silv'ring
O'er stream and valley with a twilight lustre,
And tinging every cloud with snowy fairness.
I could have fancied her just risen from slaughter
Dipp'd in the blood of warriors, so awful was her
hue;

And then to gentleness so soft she melted,
That o'er the ethereal field, a shepherdess she seem'd
Tending her starry flock; a peaceful queen
That sway'd by mildness, and that rul'd by love!

BALLAD.

(MARY'S GRAVE.)

THE evening sun shone on the grave
That wrapp'd the hapless Mary,
The sod was green—and flowers between,
With many a shade did vary.

I knelt upon the sacred turf,
I kiss'd the flowers full wildly,
And oft I thought on the gentle eye
That beam'd on me so mildly!

And oft I curs'd the rage of war
That tore me from her bosom,—
And oft I sigh'd that death should nip
So sweet, so fair a blossom!

I look'd around—the village seem'd
A tomb so dark and dreary,—
I glanc'd upon her favourite tree,
And felt my heart grow weary!—

I view'd the church, where once I hop'd
To wed the blooming maiden,—
I wept—and to my cot return'd
With misery heavy laden!

The evening sun shines on the grave
That wraps my sleeping Mary,—
And soon his beam—on mine shall stream,
For my heart is cold and weary!

STANZAS.

YES! there are seasons when the wearied mind
In disappointment turns from this terrene;
Her fluttering wing no resting place can find,
For peace abides not in the toiling scene.—
But all seems flitting as a vap'rish dream,
Where thoughts and feelings in mock substance rise;
Now pleasure leads the hour, and now 'tis woe,
Anon, reality's cold touch awakes the eye,
And then again 'tis pantomimic show!

Where shall her pinion rest? suspense-unfurl'd
In wayward hoverings o'er a doubtful vale?
Exhausted reason says, "not in this world,"
And fancy's museful cheek is wanly pale.—
O then the influence of religion, hail!
That heaven-ward points to skies for ever fair,
And vital breathes o'er nature's fainting powers,

New life and beauty, joy exempt from care,
And balm to sooth affliction's darkest hours.

This is of reason's flight the central home,
And this, for fancy's wanderings, subject full;
Unbounded knowledge circles Wisdom's throne,
And peace, the syren's voice could never lull;—
And he who counts these heavenly pleasures dull,
Well does deserve on troubled seas to toil,
Where gales of joy at intervals may blow,
But ofter far, the whirlpool's furious boil
Mingles his bark with those who sleep below.

Yes! through the hovering cloud of time and care,
A brighter morning dawns within the breast,
The twilight shades of sorrow disappear,
As Cynthia shakes the mist from evening's vest!
O dawn of beauty! morn for ever bless'd!
Sweet is thy presage of a glorious day!
When trifles such as worlds fade in thy light;
No more their grovelling charms the eye can stay,
The heaven-turn'd eye—that meets immortal ray!

BALLAD.

SLEEP on, my babe! thy heart ne'er felt
The icy touch of woe,
Nor can thine eye with pity melt,
To see thy mother's flow.

Sleep on, my babe! thy dreams are sweet
As dew upon the flower!
Untrodden by thy little feet
Is life's empoison'd bower.

Sleep on, my babe! thy bed is soft,
It is thy mother's breast;
Though her sad couch may be full oft
The earth's damp soil unbless'd.

Sleep on, my babe! we've wander'd far,
The wind is blowing keen,

And fitful oft, the silver star
Is seen the clouds between.

'Twill light us to our bed so cold—
Beneath the willow tree,
But, sweetest, I will still enfold,
And kiss, and shelter thee!

Sleep on, my babe! thou ne'er shalt greet
A father's tender eyes,
On Spanish ground, his winding sheet
Is stain'd with bloody dies.

He lies where murder'd thousands sleep,
And heave the peaceful sod,
Sweet flowers adorn each mould'ring heap,
By wanton foot untrod.

Then sleep, my babe! thy little head
Is pillow'd from the storm;
But cold, cold, is thy mother's bed,
And chilly is her form.

THE

ÆOLIAN HARP.

(WRITTEN IN 1815.)

HARP of Æolus! awake,
To the breeze that wantons by;
Now thy aërial music make,
Silence listens from the sky!

Hark! it murmurs on our ear,
Now it sinks, and now it swells,
Music such as mortals hear,
When they bid the world farewell!

Louder now it grows, and strong,
Deeply sounding to the gale,—
O that dying strain prolong,
'Tis some parting spirit's wail!

Mark the varied cadence rise,
  Airy tones now lightly play,—
Ring with thrilling ecstacies,
  Through the bosom's melting sway.

Hark! it pauses—now it trembles
  To the faintly quivering breeze,
Softly liquid, it resembles
  Aërial notes on summer seas.

Harp of Æolus! awake,
  To the breeze that wantons by;
Bare thy bosom to the gale,
  Waft thy music to the sky!

TO

HOPE.

SWEET flow'ret of the mental bower,
In life's gay morn, why droop thy head?
The sun obscur'd a transient hour,
With renovated joy shall pour
Its influence on thy bed!

The dews of spring thy blossom kiss,
And youngling breezes round thee play,
The infant birds sing only bliss,—
And nature, with a smiling face,
Invites thee to be gay.

Mourn not that winter's surly blast
Fades on thy cheek the purple glow,

For spring is thine, and summer past
And autumn's beauty fading fast—
  Then tears may softly flow.

But ah! not tears of cold despair,
  Though spring to thee shall ne'er return;
Look forward—thou shalt blossom fair
In bowers unknown to storm or care,
  In one eternal morn!

STANZAS.

(ON THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.)

SINCE that bright dawn, when morning first awoke,
And shone in conscious beauty, to the last
That fled before her glance, she never broke
On scene more awful her concentred light;—
Than when from wood and vale, hill, plain,
And mead, the opposing armies rush'd
In dread array, and made destruction bright!
Deep, 'neath the enfuriate tread, deep bow'd the grain,
The food of man, with man, the aggressor crush'd.

And now they meet,—as if a thunderbolt
Amid the whirlwind's war had burst its rage,

And through the reeling clouds, and darken'd air,
Fire, winds, and waters, awful contest wage,
And strive for empire with convulsions dire!
(So did they meet:—) while nature, age-enthron'd
On adamantine battlements, looks forth,
And trembling, in suspensive woe enthrall'd,
Awaits the dread decision; and the earth
On her astonish'd pillars shakes appall'd!

Did ocean leave his bed, and plough thy fields,
Fair Gaul—when on the *distant* ear the mingling roar
As if of waters bellowing in their might,
Now lessening, now increasing, as the shore
Presents the obstructing rock, or sanded height?
But *near*, what horror press'd the heart,
The ear, the eye, in all its dark variety of shape
To tell, would be a sound to part
The soul and body—or the dead to wake!

Far fled the dove from the unhallow'd scene,
Where late her nest in wooded alcoves hung;

And with the nightingale, o'er unknown stream
The stranger woods to their lamentings rung!
And as the storm wax'd louder, deeper grew their wail,
In one continued harmony of woe;
Till the dread pause—the awful stillness came,
That told the sword of death had struck his parting blow!

Sweet bird! ere yet the peasant dar'd to leave
His trembling shade, back to thy native grove
On home-glad wing thou didst the mild air cleave,
To seek repose again upon thy nest of love.
Peace flies before the ball:—low on the ground
In shiver'd atoms lay the dove's abode;
Deep in her breast she felt the cruel wound,
And screaming fled, of war, the trampled road!

'Tis the third day:—the dove replumes her wing,
And o'er the field of recent horror skims,
No startling sound provokes her mournful flight,
The calm of death waves o'er the soundless scene!

'Tis peace indeed—but halcyon peace no more!
Where is the golden fruit that smil'd beneath the ray—
The song of peasant—or the evening dance?
Where are the rural toils of busier day,—
Where *now* thy *glory*—fallen—fallen—France?

. . . . . .

And does it lie on that dread silent field,
Unburied—unanointed—and unwept?
The scourge of ages—and the mighty shield
That could alone her native sins protect:
And does it lie on silent Waterloo?
What—on the soil that gave its vigour *birth*?
O! could there not be found in all the injur'd earth
A tomb less humbling—or a tomb less true?

. . . . . .

No! in his *own* land the tyrant is depos'd,
In his *own* land the chain he form'd is broke;
And one dissever'd link the arm enclos'd,
That would have gall'd a thousand to its yoke!
No more *his* eye shall meet the radiant glance
Of glory smiling in triumphal car,

Yet oft her *shade* his bondage to enhance,
Shall flit in mock'ry o'er her fallen star!

I mourn the hero—but I praise him not!
He who bravely fights, and bravely dies,
His banner being glory, and his sword renown;—
Who, when the trumpet sounds, to battle flies,
His aim a *province*—or his end a *crown*.
Of him I speak not, whose *defending* arm
Is rais'd against the foe-*invading* host,
Whose sword is drawn to shield his cot from harm,
Or drive the robber from his native coast:
Praise to *him* were moonbeams to the sun,
Or glow-worm lustre to the diamond's ray;
By *conquest's* law, the blaze of battle *won*,
Fades like the morn—before meridian day!

Note. I am aware that I have indulged in an *unpardonable* irregularity of rhyme in these stanzas, unless *sentiment*, (whom I leave to plead my cause at the bar of offended *order*,) should succeed in appeasing that austere poetic virtue, and her handmaid *review*, with formidable rule and compass!

RETROSPECTION.

HOW sweet that strain! and sweet the thought
That breathes in each mellifluous sigh;
It tells of hours and days gone by;
Of hours and days with pleasure fraught,
When life seem'd fair to childhood's eye.

But ah! no more its note can bring
The vision that so early fled;
The rainbow lights, that swiftly shed
Their indistinct and distant beam,
And left the heart all cold and dead!

Yet there is that which may not die,
Even in the breast of mortal man;
'Tis hope, who with utopian wand
Creates all fair life's future sky,
Nor dreams that clouds may mar her plan.

From hope, ethereal *fancy* springs,
And *childhood's* dreams in *youth* return;
(Though she the simile would spurn,)
For light of sapphire paints her wings,
And disappointment has to learn!

She soars awhile in radiant day,
Her tearless eye with rapture beaming,
For all is good that hath fair seeming;
And every glance from pleasure's ray
A beam of lasting joy is streaming!

She wanders o'er enchanted ground,
In guileful footpaths ever roving,
And all her wayward fancies proving;
While reason's warning is spell-bound,
And wisdom is far off removing.

But happily soon the vision fades;
Like childhood's dream, it smiles to die—
Yes—even in youth's most early sky!
And reason's mild, though sombre shades,
Succeed to fancy's roseate die!

THE

HERO'S GRAVE.

(TO THE MOON.)

WHEN pale and cold thy shadows wave,
Reluming oft the hero's grave,—
O softly break the passing cloud,
And shed thy beams on valour's shroud!
The laurel wreath is sanguin'd o'er,
Its vernal leaves are wet with gore,
The temples which its circlet bound
Lie pale and low beneath the mound;
Yet once with glory's throb they burn'd,
Till honour gain'd what beauty mourn'd.
O guide the lovely weeper here,
To strew with flowers her warrior's bier!

Nor shall her gentle tears bedew
The cypress gloom, or blighting yew,
With sylvan flowers so sweet and wild,
The dreary shade of death's beguil'd;—
The rose and hawthorn blossom here
Bedew'd by woman's softest tear:
The sweetest bird of early spring,
Here nestles safe her airy wing,
And pours her requiem to the gale,
That murmurs o'er the breathing vale.
And when the last pale gleam of day
Has vanish'd from the cloud away,
The hero's dirge in pensive strain
Is echo'd from the woods again!
Then as thy flitting shadows wave
O'er the cold mansion of the brave,
O softly break the passing cloud,
And shed thy beams on valour's shroud!

NUN'S SONG.

WHEN the blue eye of morning first opes on the lawn,
And shadows the wave with her cloud-tinted dawn,
The lark with gay songs ushers in the new day,
For wild-breathing freedom inspires his glad lay!

The nightingale hails the warm breezes of spring,
For liberty plumes the gay flight of her wing;
She sings to her love on the white-blossom'd tree,
When the soft dews of even weep over the lea!

But not morn's rosy blush, nor spring's scented flowers,
Can lighten the gloom of Louisa's dark hours,
Nor chase from a convent the cloud of despair,
For hope's cheering sunbeam can never shine there!

Blanch'd is my cheek, which the crimson oft shaded,
The eye that once sparkled, its lustre is faded!
The breeze of the south never fans my weak form,
Yet soon shall it sigh o'er Louisa's pale urn!

AN

ADDRESS

TO A STREAM

FLOWING AT THE DECLIVITY OF A HILL, ON THE SUMMIT OF WHICH STANDS THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT AND BOARDING SCHOOL OF FULNECK, IN YORKSHIRE.

STREAM of the vale! that murmuring glides,
How oft I've trac'd thy wild meanderings,
Pluck'd the blue flower that loves to hide
In nooks form'd by thy fairy wanderings.
Yes! I have hail'd the summer ray,
That cloth'd thy banks in verdure gay.

Stream of the mead and youngling wood!
How oft has sportive fancy made

Thy simple stream broad Ganges' flood,
And I to seek thy source essay'd!
Dream of the heart! by nature led,
How soon thy wild enchantment fled!

Or when to stop thy lulling course,
Some playful pebble rear'd its head,
Thy gentle chidings were the hoarse
Loud falls of Niagara's bed!
For nature then in awful guise,
Was new to fancy's wondering eyes.

Or when a milder mood inspir'd,
I dreamt of Persia's magic groves,
Her perfum'd breezes, lutes, and lyres,
And nightingales that sing their loves;—
How were thy simple charms despis'd
For fountains, gems, and roseate dies!

But now to mem'ry's pensive eye
Thy rural beauties sweet and wild,

Recal the hours unknown to sigh,
Where all that liv'd but liv'd to smile.
This paints thy banks with beauty's glow,
And silvers o'er thy wave below!

Stream of gay childhood's happy day!
Then the young heart was pure as thee;
Sincere the vows we then did pay
To friendship, feeling, sympathy!
When every eye a mirror shone,
Reflecting truth's fair form alone!

Stream of the vale! thy waters glide
As mild as they were wont to do;
Thy flow'rets bloom with equal pride,
As softly falls the evening dew;
And fancy only can deplore.
That thy soft hours return no more.

A fairer scene perchance I've view'd,
A lovelier landscape may have seen,

But *happiness* thy meads bedew'd,
And pleasure gave a brighter green.
Thou art the same—how chang'd am I,
* The hours are fled, unknown to sigh!—

* Lest any of my *friends* who may peruse these pages, should think me *chimerical* in my expressions of regret, surrounded as I am by the external blessings of Providence,—to *them* I would say, that the above verses were written shortly after the death of a beloved parent.

ODE TO THE

MEMORY OF BURNS.

SPIRIT! from Scotia's mountain gloom,
What dirge of woe did thy lone harp
Breathe o'er the bard's and *nature's* tomb,
When death relentless aim'd his dart?
Sorrow for every woe has sigh,
For varied grief congenial tear,
And wild would be thy funeral cry
When *Burns* lay on his lowly bier!
* The holly round his head
Delighted thou didst wreathe,
And wilt thou o'er his clay-cold bed
The gloomy cypress weave?

* In the "Vision," a poem by Burns, he describes the Genius of Scotland binding the *holly* round his brow.

Ah no! his fav'rite flower
And thine shall blossom there,
Transplanted from the bower
To him no longer fair;—
While many a gentle hand
A heather-blooming band
With golden broom shall twine,
And on his lowly bed
The sacred garland spread,
Fit incense for his shrine!
And *fancy* on ethereal wing
Shall steal the sweetest balm of spring,
To scent the hallow'd air!
At eve or early morn—
In twilight's dewy horn
She'll dip her pinion fair;
And from the cloud descending
O'er Burns's cold urn bending—
Shake the translucent drops perfum'd with roseate air!

Oh! lonely is the glen at morn
That lov'd his wandering footstep's tread,

And love may weep o'er Burns's urn,
For with the bard his witching fled!
And many a cheek whose faded flower
Blooms in his verse with deathless hue,
May sigh o'er the deserted bower,
That meets no more his raptur'd view.
Where is the lyre? whose numbers sweet
So true to nature breath'd around,
That love his image smil'd to meet,
And sorrow own'd the tear she found!
Where is the lyre? has Scotia not
One hallow'd grove to shade its frame?
Oh yes! full many a wild-wood spot
Would twine its bough around the *name!*
Mortal finger ne'er shall stray
O'er its soundless wire,
Gone for ever is the day
That wak'd its notes of fire!
Only at thy kindred touch,
Spirit! shall its pulses tremble,
For the strains it breath'd were such
As thine aërial form resemble!

Freedom, at its awful call,
Wav'd her banners o'er the mountain;
Love enchain'd in beauty's thrall,
Whisper'd vows beside the fountain;
Glory, mid the battle's roar,
Flourish'd high his glancing weapon,
Freedom, Glory, Love, deplore,—
For the lyre that sang is broken!
Genius of the mountain land!
When the crescent's fire
Glimmers pale, O lift thine hand
And strike thine aërial lyre!
Wildest dirges breathe around;
Though no mortal hear the sound,
Fancy's spirit shall convey
To the world thy sorrowing lay.
And upon her midnight throne
Nature shall the feeling own;
Wake her glen-bound echo's song
All thine anguish to prolong,—
Calm the mountain torrent's roar
Wildly dashing on its shore,

Till it seems the summer flowing
Of the stream o'er violets blowing!
O how sweetly shall thy number
Mingle in its murmuring slumber!
And the breeze that nightly hovers
O'er the grave of hapless lovers,
On its sighing wing shall bear
Notes which breathe not earthly care!
Till the dirge, in woe complete,
For thy bard be offering meet.
Best reward of genius this,
Nature's tears are answerless!

TO

CALUMNY.

OFFSPRING of hell! and generated there,
What imp of darkness brought thee to our sphere?
What busy fiend conceiv'd the dark design
To banish peace for ever from mankind?
Ah, fatal hour! when first in human breast
Thy baneful influence slander was confess'd;
When the first victim at thy murderous shrine
Bled by the knife of cruelty refin'd;
When the first martyr of thy poisonous breath,
Though living, felt the agonies of death!
Alas! how often innocence is doom'd
By ruthless fate to feel thy rankling wound,
Her powerful shield which earth and hell defied,
By thy keen dart falls broken from her side,—

While vice in triumph lifts his towering head,
By worlds caress'd—with adulation fed.
Oh virtue! where then is thy bright reward?
Will happiness from thee for ever be debarr'd?
Shall guilt unblushing always victor prove?
Crown'd with the joys of fortune and of love?
No! in the breast in which thou lov'st to reign
Sweet peace is found, with her celestial train;
The soft approving smile of inward joy,
The hope which leads to bliss without alloy!
These joys, O calumny! thy keenest shafts defy,
Virtue has conquer'd—bow to her, and die!

SONG.

THERE is a footstep soft as the thistle down,
Light as its gossamer leaves when they fly,—
There is an eye bent on the dewy ground—
Wild as the echo of love's early sigh.
There is an arm outstretch'd and snow-white,
It grasps—but 'tis only the breeze of the cloud,—
Bound on its circle the diamond looks more bright,
The pledge of a lover enwrapp'd in his shroud.
Who is the maid that wanders thus lonely?—
Ask not—but mark where the moon sheds her beam,
See that pale tomb—there her heart is reposing,
It fled to beguile her fond lover's last dream!

WHAT IS LOVE?

SAY, what is love? 'tis like a rose
With leaves impearl'd in morning dew,
Yet, ah! before the evening's close
No more each pendent drop we view:

The playful gale that wantons by
Waves the delusive gem to air,—
So love expires, without a sigh,
That sparkled once a dew-drop fair.

TO

A FRIEND.

YES, I could weep! till every tear
A blessing brought thee from above,
And I could kneel, till every prayer
Was answer'd in a voice of love!

Then deem me not the fickle thing
That changes with the varying hour,
For endless as the lover's ring,
Is virtuous friendship's constant power!

SONNET

TO A BLACKBIRD.

WHY every eve, on yonder aged tree,
Pour thy sweet note to twilight's misty ear?
She lingers not like me to catch thy
Faintest warble—for music melts her not,
Dull goddess! but heedless of thy voice
She sails on cloudy wing through weeping ether!
O'er love departed, does thy evening song
A requiem flow? or vanish'd tenderness
Thy lay inspire to softest melody?
The strain too gaily floats, else the calm scene
Recalls such recollection to my mind.
If I mistake not, love once breath'd his sigh
Where now thy nest is cradled, and perchance,
Its flitted essence hovers o'er the spot

A gentle spirit conscious of its nature!
And on the scene of former hopes and joys
Strews wildest flowers—"forget me not"
Of pale blue eye, and weeping violet,
And love's empurpled flower with bleeding breast.
Sweet bird of spring! so sacred is thy song
To fancy's ear,—that I would linger e'en
Till the pale moon streaks evening's sable vest
With light and shade alternate; or bright stars,
That gem her diadem, in heaven appear.

THE

STORM.

EVENING advances—how unlike, when last
She sank exhausted on her crimson couch,
While zephyrs fann'd her with their golden wings.
Now in a thunder cloud she rides, and vivid lightnings
Speed her dark chariot to its destin'd goal.
While, upborne on the pinion of the storm,
The eagle beats his wing, as if to share sublimity,—
And kindred claim with the wild hail-storm
Whitening in the air, or intermingled rains
From heaven surcharged.———
The floods, deep swollen, their foaming billows heave,
As if disdainful of their bedded lowliness,
And envious to commingle with the strife of battle

Thundering in ether! e'en rooted hills seem mov'd,
And vales, once peaceful, with loud murmurs shake,
And from her trembling bough, scare the mute bird.
Extend your gaze around—nor man, nor beast,
Moves in creation—e'en nature shrinks appall'd
As the elements she form'd unite against her,
And in annihilation's deepest shade would
Frowning plunge! but, chaos fled the universe,
When o'er his cloud she breath'd her natal sigh,
And reigns, perchance, in extramundane kingdoms.

WHAT IS MAN?

SAY, what is man? at very best,
A breath of sorrow—or a tear of woe—
A sigh of misery—that flits awhile—
Then vanishes to nothing;—a brain-sick dream
Of fancies, idly nam'd hope, joy, and fear,
Yet meaning nothing, and of less avail!
Man! mighty man! is this then all thy boast?
The offspring of a day—a summer fly,
Sports in ephemeral greatness such as thine!
And yet thou art—what art thou not?
In thine own eyes omnipotent, yet knowing not
From whence thou cam'st, or whither goest!
Strange composition! tangible delusion!
We grasp thy mighty whole—and in one word
Would name thee something—but, O fickle power!
The image and idea flee together,
And leave poor reason writing in the dust
The name of *man!*

METRICAL TRANSLATION

FROM THE

FRENCH OF TELEMACHUS.

(DESCRIPTION OF ELYSIUM.)

RECLIN'D in fragrant bowers,
That scent Elysium's field;
Where everlasting flowers
Eternal sunshines yield.
A thousand dewy rills
Of pure transparent wave,
The meads with freshness fill,
The verdant mountains lave.

Through every vernal grove
The softest notes resound;

With harmony and love
The valleys echo round.—
Enchantment breathes a calm
In every whispering breeze,
The air is ever balm,
And peaceful are the seas!

The ravish'd eye beholds,
In one delighted view,
Brown autumn's fruits of gold,
And spring's sweet violet blue.
The seasons blush complete,
In one eternal year,—
Their circling beauties meet,
And reign for ever here!

The burning star of fire, *
Its ardour is unknown;
The north wind's blighting ire
Shall never here be blown.—

* Dog-Star.

Nor war of sanguine hue
His sable banner wave;
Nor envy's cold mildew,
Its withering influence shed!—

Her venom'd dart in vain
Would try to pierce this sky,
The vipers of her train
These shades of peace defy!—
Here jealousy's dark flame,—
And pale suspicion's eye,—
And vain desires, and shame,
For ever, ever, fly!—

The sun with golden beam
Unsetting brilliance pours;
Nor evening veils the scene
With twilight's sombre hours;
Yet o'er the happy breast,
A peaceful calm it sheds,
It dazzles not unbless'd,
Nor droops the illumin'd head!

Around the beauteous forms,
Of virtue's perfect sons,
The crystal light of morn
With dazzling lustre runs;
Environ'd in its rays,
Celestial glory streams,
And wreathy brightness plays
In eyes of heavenly beams.

At this immortal fount,
They drink of life, the soul;
Invigorated mount,
And in its essence roll!
No food of earthly kind,
Their strengthen'd bosoms ask—
Ethereal as the mind
Their forms in glory bask!

The Thracian mountains high,
On whose stupendous crests
The snows of winter lie,
The eternal frosts invest,—

Whose summits bathe in clouds,
  And drink the ethereal dew,—
Enwrapp'd in misty shrouds
  From eagle's piercing view,—

As soon shall from their base
  By human hands be hurl'd,
And from their destin'd place
  Be scatter'd o'er the world;
As shall a tear bedew
  The face of one bless'd soul,
Unless soft pity's sigh
  The woes of earth condole.

A youth eternal smiles,
  On every blooming face;
A joy that ne'er beguiles
  Shines with unclouded grace.
Immutable and sure,
  Their happiness shall last,
As their own natures pure,
  And as their knowledge—vast.

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING A

POEM OF H. K. WHITE'S,

Beginning, "YES! 'TWILL BE OVER SOON."

THY muse, alas! prophetic of thy doom,
With pensive warning pointed to the tomb,
Yet twin'd a wreath of never-dying fame
From *death* to save her fav'rite Henry's name!

SONG.

WHY sinks the evening sun so slow,
Why lingers still the rosy glow?
Come, twilight soft, with mantle dun,
And shade the glow, and veil the sun.
O haste and bring the sacred hour,
When silence reigns o'er vale and bower!
Why does the lake, and why the stream,
Detain so long the parting beam?
Come, lingering twilight, from thy cloud,
And wrap the waters in a shroud!
O haste and bring the sacred hour,
When silence reigns o'er vale and bower!

Why lengthens out the murmuring bee
Her busy day upon the tree,

Come, twilight, send the wanderer home,
And all who love like her to roam.
O haste and bring the sacred hour,
When silence reigns o'er vale and bower!

Why does the star so faintly shine,
The dewy gem of love * divine;
Come, twilight, pale the blush of day,
That shades thy fav'rite's lovely ray;
O haste and bring the sacred hour,
When silence reigns o'er vale and bower!

The sun has sunk, the glow is o'er,
The lake and stream are light no more;
And twilight sheds o'er hill and vale,
Her influence softly, sweetly pale;—
The hour is come, the silent hour,
So dear to contemplation's power!

* Venus.

A

NIGHT SCENE.

"Le silence de la nuit, le calme de la mer, la lumière tremblante de la lune répandue sur la face des ondes, le sombre azur du ciel, semé de brillantes étoiles, servoient à rendre ce spectacle encore plus beau." *Telemaque.*

THE winds of heaven were still,
The breezes died away;
And silence on the hill
In sleeping calmness lay.
Hush'd were the valleys round,—
The pulse of nature's play
Paus'd in the deep profound,
Till morn's awakening ray!

The sea's translucent wave
  In murmurs kiss'd the shore,
And wash'd the ocean's cave
  Divested of its roar!
The moon's enchanting light,
  With softly quivering beam
Danc'd on the gulf of night,
  And shed her lambent gleam.

The bright ethereal blue,
  Unclouded and serene,
Amid its deepening hue,
  Display'd the starry scene;
Each fairy lamp of night,
  Shot forth its kindling ray,
Till concentrated light
  Excell'd the glare of day!

TO

A WILD VIOLET.

(ON SEEING ONE VERY EARLY IN SPRING.)

HOW pale thy blue, sweet flower! how chilly
Looks the rain-drop in thy tender eye!
A sunbeam was thy parent—but unkind
He fled, and left thy cradle to the
Rocking storm! Mourn not the fugitive,
Nor fear thy rugged nurse, whose lullaby
Is the wild wind, and beneath whose blast
The towering trees do * shrieking bend!

* I know nothing more sublime than the sound produced from the stems of a number of high trees, when bending under the weight of an autumnal, or wintry blast. The same sound considered *abstractedly* appears disagreeable, as it is merely a *screaking* of the wood; but when acted upon in the manner above mentioned, with all the other accompaniments of an impending storm, it becomes exceedingly striking.

Fear not—a gentler hand shall tend thy
Drooping form, and raise the green
Sward o'er thy earthy bed, remove the
Blighting thorn, or pebble harsh, and
Kindly shelter thee, poor orphan flower!
And when opposing elements shall cease
Their bitter strife, and vassal breezes
Whisper peace around, O then I'll
Yield thee to their genial care, and
Ask of gracious Heaven this only boon—
That when the storms of adverse fortune
Blow, and reckless on my head their
Rage expend, some friendly hand may
Intercept their ire, and lead me to
A shade where storms have no access;
Or teach my heart submissive to endure
The evils emanant from human life!

BALLAD. *

O LADY fair! the wind is cold,
And shelter I have none;
For I am poor and very old,
And should my sorrows all be told,
They'd melt a heart of stone.

O lady fair! that tender eye
For pity's tear was given,—
That gentle breast conceals her sigh,
Then shield me from the piercing sky,
The bitter winds of heaven!

I once had wealth and children fair,
But soon they fled away;

* This subject is, alas! not *original*; it is a tale *too* often told, and *too* little attended to.

My ships were wreck'd, and want and care
Blighted my tender plants so rare,
They died by slow decay.

Then, lady! shield my aged form,
The wind is loud and keen,—
I've weather'd many a rougher storm,
But feeble now has grown my arm,
In life's expiring scene.

WANDERING FANNY.

FAST drives the snow from the pitiless sky,
Dreary and chill is the night coming on,
O! for a shelter where safely to lie;
I ask not for such as in days that are gone!
Welcome abode of the owl and the fox,
Where the wind bleakly whistles through each moulder'd cranny,
Loud and cold is the night-blast the abbey that rocks,
But colder the bosom of wandering Fanny!

The tear in my eye, let it freeze if it will,
For the hand that would wipe it is cold in the ground,
Thou pulse in my bosom, O! quickly be still,
Delay not the sleep to the weary how sound!

O! fond were the parents that smil'd on my youth,
In heaven they reside, yet friends I had many,
But, alas! I have outliv'd the promise of truth,
Deserted by all, is poor wandering Fanny!

What though the morning of life was enchanting,
What though my hopes were as bright as the day,
How dark is the noon, and how sad my lamenting,
How piercing my sorrows, how swift my decay!
Beneath the pale sea-beach my Henry is sleeping,
Rock'd by the billow reposes my Anny,
My shroud is a weaving—by snows softly heaving,
And cold is the grave of poor wandering Fanny!

A

SUMMER EVENING SCENE.

THE sun has set in clouds of flaming gold,
Beneath the purple of the western hill,
The filmy mists that round his chariot roll'd,
With lucid brightness, into dews distil.
The silv'ry shower, new fragrance to diffuse,
Still softly trembles to the zephyr's sigh,
In amber drops, that emulate the hues,
The golden tincture of the evening sky.
Nor less the foliage of the embowering shade
Partakes the varied tint that western glows,
The beamy lights in flitting shadows fade,
And through the umbrage mellow'd lustre throw.
The tumbling waters of yon azure flood
O'er rocks deep fringed in nature's greenest loom,

Vie with the blush of rose's opening bud,
Or liquid rubies pal'd by evening's moon.
Soft sleep the valleys in the burnish'd scene;
And dells, high curtain'd with o'erhanging trees,
Exclude morn's earliest ray, day's latest beam,
Nor through their mazes swells the undulating breeze.
With gothic pride the ancient abbey rears
Its stately towers;—and like the waning sun
More glorious in its end, an aspect wears
Thrice solemniz'd—sublime! its turrets dun,
Smile in the general glow a proud farewell
To sacerdotal greatness, pomp, and show,
When the soft anthem and the vesper bell
Peal'd its dark aisles along in cadence slow.
Soft, lovely contrast! low in yonder vale
The peasant's cot, with unassuming look
And rural beauty smiles; there may we hail
Unbiass'd nature, in her genuine book,
And drink from that pure source whate'er of joy
Remains unmix'd to man; here may the soul refin'd

For ever muse—nor wayward fancy cloy;
She droops her eagle wing, nor soars to find
Above the flowery dale a place of rest,
Beyond the cottage gate, where roses creep,
True bliss, her wildest flights repress'd,
Her splendid dreams with simple nature sleep.
Now the tir'd shepherd's dog collects his flock,
Guiding their simple feet o'er many a hill,
And in the fold his master's fleecy stock
With anxious care deposits far from ill.
Ah, learn of him, proud man, thus to discharge
With equal faith your more important trust,
Where wisdom guides, and reason to enlarge
Exalts her empire, can you be less just?
Her shadowy veil now lingering twilight throws
O'er hill and dale, soft blending in one line
Of undistinguish'd paleness nature's glow,
Except yon mountain, tipp'd by the faint shine
Of the yet lumin'd sky, and distant spire
Which caught, and still retains the flitting ray
Of the sun's closing eye; the gleamy fire
Still quivers on its point with fairy play.

Here the wild tumult of the heart grows calm,
Sooth'd into rest by night's oblivious power;
Nature's deep silence with a lethean balm,
Lulls every care of day's too anxious hour!
Tir'd with the vanity of busy life,
Sick of its tumult, and its trifling show,
The heaven-born spark turns from its eager strife,
And drinks at fountains whence true pleasures flow.
Aspires to Thee, great source of life and light,
Sun of the soul! from whose approachless rays
Our reason dawns, from whose transcendent height
Joy beams apace to gild our cheerless days!
Ever to Thee, when nature spreads her charms,
She ceaseless points, the crimson flush of morn,
The dew-bath'd eve, and midnight's circling arms,
Exist but in thee, and thy power confirm.
The simplest flower that scents the vernal air
Claims the same hand that bade the planet shine,
The mountain billow and the dew-drop fair,
Alike are wondrous, for they both are thine!

SONNET.

THE stream had worn its channel down
A bank, steep and irregular, and broken
Into craggy apertures, through which
The twisted roots of interlacing shrubs
To many an insect world gave shelter,
And pleas'd full well the curious eye to view
The underground designs of nature, start
From their concealment.
And on the margin of this little brook
The primrose nestled in its cradle green,
All-heedless of the eddying wave
That circled round its pebbly barrier,
Or spray in tiny mist that wash'd its
Leaf. The scene was beautiful! for
Through the tender foliage, arch-entwin'd,

The river slid along, full, deep, and clear,
In beautiful serenity; where many a
Sunbeam view'd its glancing form,
Well pleas'd in conscious brightness;
And many a tree reflected from the bank,
Stoop'd to embrace its image in the
Crystal mirror, smit with its own beauty.
This little stream, said I, that murmurs
O'er its bed, and foams and swells in fairy
Grandeur, telling to all around how very shallow
Are its waters, is this world's vanity—
Empty and sounding; whose very mimic
Of true happiness so little breathes of
What the soul desires, that to a nobler
Source it turning hastens! and that fair
River typical may seem of what is not
Mere tinkling; wisdom is noiseless
As the unbroken wave that sweeps along
In majesty of silence! And when I thought
Of this world's misery—its little power
Of satisfying an aspiring, an immortal soul,
I turn'd my eye above, (but more my heart,)

And ask'd for that full wave from Wisdom's
Purest fount, which might o'erflow and swallow
Up those streams that ruffle o'er the heart,
And have their source below!

STANZAS.

O WHY should man to *fancied* care
His sympathetic sorrows give—
When *real* woe demands the tear
From every eye—from all that live?

Why should he heave the pensive sigh
O'er *fiction's* grief-depicted scene—
When misery's *un*delusive cry
Implores his feeling—or his boon?

He weeps the woes he ne'er may cure
Whose tears o'er fiction idly fall,
But pangs that living hearts endure
May still be wept and *sooth'd* by all!

If sentimental sorrow throws
A charm o'er lost * Maria's tale,

* *Sterne's* Maria.

The *world* presents, in *heighten'd* woes,
Full many such, with *truth's* detail!

O ask no more the tender page
Where e'en *Mackenzie's* colours glow,
Till in some happier, milder age,
Ye have to *seek* the forms of woe!

'Tis not in this! the mournful eye,
At every glance, *un*sought beholds
The victim doom'd to toil, or die,
Where want, or vice, their claims unfold.

O fountain of the balm that heal'd
The wounded heart in Gilead's vale,
Be thou the soothing power and shield
Of those whom earthly comforts fail!

O shower the manna of the wild
On him whose cruse hath no supply!
And water send thy thirsty child
From sources that before were dry!

INVOCATION

TO SPRING.

RETURN, fair spring! and with thy roseate hours
Enliven Britain's desolated plain;
Breathe in each gale, expand the infant flowers—
Smile in the valleys—on the mountains reign.

Teach the wing'd choir the varied note to thrill
With sound mellifluous through thy woody vales,
Till echo listening, catch the wild note shrill,
And songs responsive swell thy honied gales!

Fancy's gay season! spread thy lovely vest
O'er bower and mead, by winter's hand em-
brown'd,
Come in a wreath of vernal flow'rets dress'd,
And scatter beauty in thy airy round,

Love's melting eye thy dewy steps shall trace
O'er upland height, and valley, waving green,
Bless the fond shade where with thy coyest grace
The curtaining umbrage veils his noonday dream!

Hours of delight! O hither wing your way,
From seas Sicilian kindred influence bring,
Where pleasure's sails unfurl in wanton play,
And nature sports in everlasting spring!

FRAGMENT.

'TWAS a fearful pause—the warring wind
Sat in his cloud, and view'd the desolation
He had made below;—the heaving water
Quiver'd into silence; and, trembling from
Emotion past, the dropping tree, shiver'd
Its broken leaf with rustling cadence.
A watery moonlight gleam'd upon the lake,
Where, floating on its edge, a skiff appear'd
With canvas rent and dripping; and, hanging
Transversely from either side, the mudded
Oar caught in the tangled weed that
Mark'd its border. * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Dim was the eye that view'd this skiff,
And hollow was her cheek, save when
The momentary flash of horror lighted

Her pallid features with its gleam.
Yes—it was *horror's* flash, for in her
Arms she held the recent chill of death;
Of lingering death,—of death that has no
Parallel in woe. * * * The babe that
Press'd her bosom was a corpse, and *cold*
And *hunger* were its murderers.— * *
She knelt upon the turf—a beam play'd
On its half-clos'd eye—strain'd with the last
Convulsion of its nature—she gaz'd a moment
On the face which once was beautiful,—
While through her bosom rush'd the tide of every
Feeling that marks the changeful life of man.
Yes—in a moment's space she felt them all.—But
One predominated;—she leapt into the skiff,—
The paddling oar mark'd her slow progress to
The middle wave—she threw her eyes to heaven,
And plung'd below.—The parted water shook convulsively—
Then clos'd its circle with a murmuring sigh, and all was
Still. * * * * * * *

SONG.

MAIDEN! why that shade of sadness
On a face than spring more fair?
Where has fled the smile of gladness?
Where the look that banish'd care?

Once thine eye with pleasure beaming
Told thy youthful heart how gay;
Hope's bright rays afar were gleaming,
Soon to shine in perfect day!

Once the orient hue of morning,
On thy cheek its lustre shed;—
So the blush yon cloud adorning,
Ere the evening hour is fled!

Once thy form's light grace delighted
As thy step elastic flew;

So the lily ere 'tis blighted,
Waves amid the vernal dew!

Maiden! say, has love decoy'd thee,
To his smiling bower of joy?
And the arm which there embrac'd thee,
Does it now thy peace destroy?

Sad, forsaken, art thou weeping
Love's soft dream for ever fled?
Ah! that sigh thy bosom breaking
Shews the wound from which it bled!—

LINES

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY CHARLOTTE, ON VISITING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE TOMB OF WERTER.

THE storm is hush'd! the elements have ceas'd
Their wild emotions—now once more at peace
Amid the sighs of an exhausted world,
The moon looks from the clouds the tempest round
her hurl'd.
'Tis emblematic of what *has been*, of what *is!*
The breast that agoniz'd, is, as a mother's kiss,
Calm and unruffled—extinguish'd is the fire,
The brain that fever'd, and the arm inspir'd!
This hour is sympathetic with my soul,
Night's icy dews, my fever'd brow shall cool,
And the chill breeze waft from my hectic cheek
The flush of agony, that speaks of horrors deep!

Here then! amid the depth of midnight gloom,
I bend, O Werter! o'er thy sanguin'd tomb!
The wretched Charlotte dares to pay thee now,
What once she could not, love and misery's vow!
None can reproach this offering of a breast,
With anguish torn, of every hope bereft:
No jealous eye my wandering steps shall trace,
Nor taunting jest indignant paint my face!
A form and soul to thee and misery wed,
Thy murder'd relics, thy cold grave my bed,
Heed not the voice of calumny—nor fear
A persecution, but affection's tear!
Albert! upbraid not thus thy wretched wife,
Widow'd in soul, though bound to thee in life:
O! wipe not thus so kind my tears away,
But down my face for ever let them stray!
My children! gaze not in your mother's eye,
And fondly say, "Mamma, pray do not cry!
"For Werter comes to-day—he must and will,
"He promis'd long—and knows not you are ill.—
"He'll read, and sing, and smile, for he is kind—
"And press your pretty hand, all, all the time!"

Why does my throbbing heart not take its flight,
And meet thee, Werter, in death's welcome night?
Thou canst not come to me—poor Children, no!
But I to thee releas'd from pain shall go!
Soon may the sod that wraps thy mangled form,
Give me kind refuge from this mental storm!
Soon may the cypress that waves o'er thy tomb,
Receive thy Charlotte to its peaceful gloom.
Werter! farewell! for duty sternly calls,—
Thou bidd'st me stay, thy mournful voice appals:—
Now I must go—yet every eve shall see
My kneeling form beneath this cypress tree;—
Till thy lov'd image glads my tearful eye,
And, "Charlotte! Charlotte!" echoes my last sigh!
Clasp'd in thine arms, thou'lt bear my soul away,
And leave this form to mingle with thy clay!

TO

ENVY.

THOU base repiner at another's good—
Turn not on me thine eyes, I hate thee!
Avaunt, thou hideous fiend—back to thy native hell,
And sully not the purer air I breathe.
Hah! darts—and tipp'd with calumny!
Well—hurl them if thou wilt;—
For on my breast is plac'd
The shield of innocence!

THE

MIND'S SOLILOQUY.

AM I *omnipotent?* no—else I should
Comprehend more—than that I simply *do*
Exist, I should be conscious of my *nature,*
Whence I came—*how* long I shall *endure,*
And *in what* place; in short, I should
Know *what* I am. But that I e'en
Should *question* it proves that I am
Not, ne'er shall be *omnipotent.*
Mysterious essence! thou hast powers
And properties to which the book of
Nature darkens not her page, nay,
Thou canst comprehend *why thus* thou
Judgest, thinkest, feelest, speakest,
And yet thou knowest not *what* causest

Thee to do so; *what* thy comprehension
Is—thou canst not tell!
Did I create myself? no—or I should
Be able to create myself *anew*—to
Change my present system—to inhabit
Other forms—to animate wood, stone,
Or clay, at pleasure—or to dwell in
Mine own essence, free from all
Incumbrance. What then does this
Prove? why—simply this, that I
Have been *created*—conscious as I am
That *I exist,* and that of *myself* I
Am not the creator. It also proves that
That which formed me, must than
Me be greater—for the *effect* of
Power is less than *power* itself—as
My designs are less than *me.*
I know that there are minds who do
So lightly value all that is wondrous
In themselves and beautiful, that
To a *something* which is called *chance*
They *humbly* bow, and own *their* great

Creator! Such minds undoubtedly
Possess the *nature* of their *sire*, which
Is *confusion, want* of *order*, and of
Rule, confess'd; nay, their *best*
Argument that to such power they
Do belong—is itself the *assertion*,
For in that wilder'd brain, chaotic
Darkness and *confusion* dwell!
Ah! they have lost indeed the *last*
Faint hue of their *divine* original
Who so madly think, and idly dream.
I do acknowledge that *my* views
Are *higher*—I aspire and claim
Affinity with *omnipotent design!*
With the uncreated *system*, whence
All systems flow! *My* powers
Are not the jumble of an "atomic dance,"
The pure *design* of every part, the
Harmony of the whole—proves a design,
And *that* design how great!
When *chance* does aught, (to speak
Imperfectly,) do we not recognise his

Work, by *want* of order and harmonic
Rule? who ever call'd a Grecian temple
Chance-work? or who, a heap of stones
Thrown in promiscuous wildness, call'd
Design? but man, ungrateful for
His first, best gift, the light of *reason*,
Madly spurns her voice, and listens
To *delusion!*———
Source of harmonious life! of systems
Wondrous, and of great designs! *Thee,*
In thy universal *plans*, I dimly view;
But even *that* faint view so great, so
Awful is, that did thy soften'd image
Never meet my eye in mercy's page,
O how should I approach thee!
How should I think on light ineffable
And live!

SONG.

OF every flower that scents the spring
To twine a wreath for Laura, bring.
Haste with violets from the vale,—
Twist them with the snow-drop pale;
Pluck the primrose ere it fade
From the willow-spreading shade;—
Cull the solitary * flower
From the abbey's haunted bower,
Mingle with its iron hue
Eglantine fresh bath'd in dew;—
Weave the cowslip's golden bell
With the fox-glove of the dell;—
Daisy pale and daffodil
From the hawthorn-scented hill;
Every sweetest flower of spring
To twine a wreath for Laura, bring.

* Wallflower.

DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

AS the shadows of eve, slow, pensive, and pale,
Steal over the lake and deep-bosom'd vale,
So softly should tremble, so mild be the wail,
For days that are gone!

For pleasure is fleeting, and joy is a flower,
Perfuming awhile life's varying bower,
'Tis past—and affliction succeeds the gay hour
Of days that are gone!

But the flower shall revive—it shall blossom again,
And gladness resume its enlivening reign,
And the future shall smile as freely from pain,
As days that are gone!

Then as the pale moon on the slumbering deep
Keeps aërial vigils for wavelets that sleep,
So calmly I sigh—so gently I weep
For days that are gone!

STANZAS.

CAN the ray of evening's star
Cloud its light that gilds the sky?—
Or when gleaming bright afar,
Can it close its brilliant eye?

Darting from its central home—
Can it roam unbounded space?
Where for countless years it shone,
Brighter from unchanging grace.

Can the breathing summer flowers
'Mid the snow of winter bloom?—
Weave their garlands in the bowers
Bursting wild from nature's tomb?

Can November's stormy cloud,
Summer's purple hue display?

Or when darkness weaves her shroud,
View we still the golden day?

Can the ocean's wave be calm,
And in placid murmurs die—
Or the air continue balm
When December rocks the sky?

No! the perfect law of heaven,
Each its season has assign'd;
Nature to her works has given
All her unity of mind!

Can the heart then toss'd unceasing
On uncertainty's wild sea,
Still possess the peaceful blessing,—
Still with harmony agree?

Does not each vibrating passion
Hope and fear, alternate swell?
Thrill with anxious expectation
Rising at the point it fell?

Yes! and though high frowning reason
Sometimes proudly reigns alone,—
Claims all power—yet oft with treason,
Softer feelings shake her throne!

THE

ROSE.

LOVELY evanescent flower,
Produce of a summer shower!
Form'd beneath a sunbeam bright,
Transient as its fairy light!
Fleeting as the mist that flies
From the crimson morning skies,
When from ocean's swelling billow
Sol first leaves his watery pillow.
Smiling on elastic stem,
Beauteous as an orient gem;
Zephyrs steal thy balmy breath
Woo thee to a lover's death!
Bees enamour'd of thy lip,
Revel there and nectar sip;
While the paradise of flowers
Hail thee queen of beauty's bowers!

FRIENDSHIP.

O LITTLE understood! and seldom known,
Where, friendship, dost thou fix thy heavenly throne?
In what heart favour'd wilt thou stoop to reign—
Inspire its bliss, and mitigate its pain?
Say, heaven-born stranger! is it thine the link
Which binds the souls who start from woe, and shrink
Recoiling from misfortune's tearful eye?
Though 'tis their friend who weeps, they heave no sigh!
As shines the sunbeam on the crimson flower,
Till gathering clouds obstruct its golden power,
So when prosperity illumes the day,
Unnumber'd friends shall tread the gilded way;
But quick—a storm bursts on the unshelter'd head,
Where are they *now*? alas! they all are *fled!*

Or does thy hand the flow'ry wreath entwine,
Uniting hearts in pleasure's league combin'd?
Slaves to each other's ends, however gain'd,
By fraud conducted—by deceit obtain'd.
Or is it thine, the still more trifling tie,
Form'd by caprice, unloos'd without a sigh—
Maintain'd by whim, or by its power withdrawn,
Fleeting and short-liv'd as the morning dawn?
So darts the meteor through the evening sky,
Nor leaves one trace to mark its passing by!
So shine the colours of the orient bow,
Till rains ascending fade its transient glow!
"These are not mine!" indignant thou wilt cry,
And swiftly gliding from thy native sky—
Shed thy pure beams on some expanded heart,
To shew mankind thy power—and what thou art!
There, like the moon with mildest ray serene,
Thou'lt gild the long, long evening of life's dream,
Chase every cloud from misery's darken'd sky,
Relume the beams of sorrow's faded eye,
Kiss with unchanging love the tears away
That down the cheek in mournful silence stray,

Clasp the pale form to thy yet faithful breast,
And sooth each woe, and charm each care to rest!
And, O! the heart in which thou lov'st to rest,
Shall throb delighted when its friend is bless'd;
When fortune's favours every moment shower,
And ceaseless streams unfailing blessings pour!
Nor pleasure's search, nor interest's selfish gains
Unites their hearts, their harmony maintains;—
The adamantine chain of mutual love,
Of high esteem—of honour often prov'd,—
Congenial taste, and unity of mind,
Forms the strong link which heart and feelings bind!
And time who brings the lofty temple low,
Marks with astonish'd eye their union grow;
His powerful scythe that breaks the towering oak,
And bends the cedar with resistless stroke,
Cements yet stronger the unsever'd chain,
And stamps the impress of true friendship's name!

SONNET

TO THE MOON.

THY trembling beam, thou silver moon,
How soft its radiance lights the deep;
How calm beneath thy gentle noon,
The exhausted waters sink to sleep!
And silent is the breeze of night,
It wakens not the slumbering wave,
But hush'd by thy lethean light—
It seeks repose in ocean's cave.
Sure the pure ether of thy sky
Is hope's fair essence unalloy'd,
For e'en our world beneath thine eye
Feels peace illume its cheerless void.
O say, fair planet! do the storms
Of want and care, of war and woe,

E'er blight and fade *thy* children's forms,
And deathful lay their beauty low?
I gaze upon thee, but can find
No answer in thy changeless hue,—
Or, if I aught of words divine,
"Serenely peaceful," meets my view.

SONG.

WHEN the sunbeam of eve shines through the
elm tree
That o'ershadows the hamlet of lake Alembee,
I leave with gay heart my mountain retreat,
And wind through the valley dear Merla to meet.
So softly she blushes, so sweet is her smile,
When waiting she views me leap over the stile,
That the deer of the mountain no swifter can fly
Than I to my girl, when the evening is nigh.
And as with fond bosoms we wander along,
I list with delight to her innocent song;
So wild and so artless the varying strain,
So sweet is the subject, of love's bliss and pain,
It tells me so fondly, in words so divine,
The thoughts of my Merla, and that her heart's mine,
That I hail through the elm tree the beam of the sun,
For dear Merla is nigh, and my labour is done.

SONG.

CEASE thy dashing, torrent-water,
Mary sleeps, disturb her not;
But with gentlest murmurs sooth her,
Soft and peaceful as her lot.
Spirits of each dying cadence!
Whisper to her virgin breast,
Love as pure as vestal maiden's
Evening hymn to angels bless'd!

A SUPPOSED

ADDRESS TO SWITZERLAND,

BY THE SPIRITS OF HER DEPARTED HEROES.

MIDNIGHT voices loud and wild,
Echo'd o'er thy mountain crests,
Switzerland, once freedom's child,
Now of tyrants proud the jest.

"Rise, ere freedom's sun is set,
"Fast it sinks behind the main;
"And the wave that veils its light
"Ne'er shall catch its glance again."

"Rise to arms! expel the foe,
"Nor of slavery wear the chain;

" Ere too late, O strike the blow,
" The blow which gives you life again."

" Rise! and shed your dearest blood,
" Give like us your lives away;
" Rush and stem dark slavery's flood,
" Die like us in war's array!"—

" We, the spirits of the slain,
" Slain in our dear country's cause,
" On your mountain tops remain,
" Stay to give our brethren laws!"

" Hark! the trumpet sounds afar,
" See—the embattled phalanx rise!
" Hear the mingled shouts of war!
" Soldiers, away, your country dies!"

" Hah! that warlike form—'tis Tell,
" Freedom's son, he leaves the sky;
" Wak'd by liberty's death knell,
" He comes to teach ye how to die!"

" Death or freedom, be your cry,
" Switzerland, your home, or grave!
" Warriors, rise! to battle fly,—
" Spurn the shackles of the slave!"

ELEGY.

If the sick heart, no future balm shall heal,
Nor wearied souls in other worlds repose,
If all the misery man is born to feel,
Ends with his life,—his being and his woes,

Why lengthen out the uncomfortable dream
With anxious hope and unremitting care,
If in no brighter and no happier scene
The toil-worn soul her wonted powers repair?

Sure when on misery's troubled sea we toss,
'Twere better far to plunge beneath the wave;
If all beyond is dark—not great our loss,
To exchange life's pain, for an unconscious grave!

So reason's doubt; but midst the wavering gloom
"A small still voice" breaks the delusive spell,

"Vain man! thou liv'st beyond the transient tomb,"
(Religion whispers all thy fears to quell.)

"Would heaven have form'd thee with such matchless care,
"Watch'd o'er thy infant years in manhood lost,
"Transform thy shining locks to hoary hair,
"Then seal thy fate for ever in the dust?"

"Were the fine springs of feeling only given
"To throb more quickly to the touch of woe,—
"To edge misfortune—if no future heaven
"Its recompensive joy on man bestow?"

"Why does the flower in renovated bloom,
"Scent with its fragrance each succeeding year?
"Why does it fade, even on the moss-grown *tomb*,
"Then blush-renew'd—but to dispel thy fear!"

"The voice of nature in each silent vale,
"If thou wouldst listen, could thy doubts remove;
"And every zephyr should repeat the tale,
"That man was born for higher joys above!"

" Go, search the page on which heaven stamps its seal,
" There read, believe, let reason be thy guide;
" The light of truth thy errors shall reveal,
" And shew the fountain whence its beam's supplied."

" Not like the sickly ray, whose glimmering pale
" Casts a bewildering shade upon life's maze,
" And faintly shews the horrors of the vale,
" Nor lights thee through like truth's superior blaze."

" Then, mortal seek, and thou shalt find this light,
" 'Twill be thy passport to some happier scene,
" 'Twill gild the gloom of death's approaching night,
" Till heaven revivifies the eternal beam!"

SONNET.

O! when the gentle summer moon
  Gleams soft and pale through silent groves,
And faintly twilight's shade illumes,
  Ere day's last ray she quite removes,
So mild this hour, so sweetly fair,
  I would that it could ever stay;
And still the happy influence share,
  Confin'd alone to Cynthia's ray!
But dearer far in summer eve,
  For then her beam shines not so cold,
Warm-breathing zephyrs round her wave,
  And sunny clouds her form enfold.
More bright descends the wintry beam,
But sweeter far the summer gleam.

STANZAS.

AH bloom not thus! ye lovely flowers,
Nor scent the mournful room of death,
Ah bloom not, as in happier hours
Eliza prais'd your fragrant breath!
By her unheeded, now ye smile,
Though in the pride of summer's glow;
Ah! can your beauty now beguile—
Or cheer this hour of gloom and woe?

To sorrow's eye too gay ye seem,
Congenial colour suits her best;
The sable hue of life's last dream,
Is dearer than your gaudy dress!
Ah! bloom not thus, but fade and die,
And shed your wither'd leaves around;
Ye torture misery's tearful eye,
And smiling, mock her grief profound!

WRITTEN

AT THE COMPLETION OF THE

AUTHOR'S SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

BACK as I turn with retrospective eyes,
I see, I feel, each vanish'd scene arise;
Sorrows and joys, in intermingled shades,
Flit o'er my mind their mellow-tinted rays.
With soften'd colours pleasures gone appear,
And sorrows past return without their tear!
Time, with his twilight wing o'ershadows pale,
The vanish'd scenes of life's eventful vale;
Yet leaves too strong the recollection drear,
That misery preponderates for ever here!
One pleasure pays in price its worth away,
As darkness follows at the close of day.

O! when the sunbeam of inspiring joy,
Has shone delusive, without much alloy,
With fearful look I've rais'd my timid eye,
To see if no dark clouds were passing by,
No gathering storm in envious mischief dark,
To wreck and founder my unsheltered bark!
And, O! it needs not a prophetic eye
To scan the scenes in embryo which lie,
To pierce futurity's untrodden maze,
And learn the aspect of my coming days;
The present tells me, and the past informs,
That seas serene, and oceans swell'd with storms,
In future years successively must rise,
As light and shadow on the evening skies!
For, O! the hand that weaves the wreath of life,
Among its roses plants the thorns of strife;
Few of the former may adorn my way,
The latter wound as o'er my path I stray,
Yet this I know, *both* shall the wreath compose,
I leave just heaven to plant the *thorn* or *rose!*

SONNET.

AH! who would think beneath that waveless sea
That rocks and quicksands death-destructive lie,
Or that the calmness of that deep could be
Lash'd into storms, that with the smooth lake vies!
So on life's sea when all is calm and fair,
Unshaded by a cloud, unruffled by a breeze,
When trusting most we find the undreaded snare,
And split on rocks beneath the mildest seas.
Fate strikes the blow when least she seems to frown,
And when she threatens changes oft her will;
Alike to her the cottage and the crown,
Promiscuous is her goodness as her ill.
Then, when propitious most she seems to smile,
May caution teach me to suspect her guile.

TO THE

EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT star that wanderest o'er the deep!
Each lucid wave reflects thine eye,
They love thy beam, and trembling keep
Thy semblance from the cloud on high.
Star of the deep! Eliza once
In earth's gay sphere shone bright as thee,
But now remov'd for ever hence,
She gilds no more life's doubtful sea.

Yet o'er my mind her image fair,
Gleams like thy ray with lustre pale,
The beam of love, of goodness rare,
Still quivers o'er this darken'd vale!

'Tis as thy shadow, gentle star,
So faint below—on high so bright;
And streaming like thee from afar,
It yields the same imperfect light.

But mild that light, and dear that ray,
And constant shall its influence prove,
It cheers by night—it sooths by day,
'Tis soft as was Eliza's love!
Fair star! at eve I oft would stray,
And watch the blue wave drink thy beam,
For then Eliza's heavenly ray
Gleams brighter o'er the mental scene!

A

DREAM.

THE blood-red moon shed a frightful glare,
And crimson'd with horror the darken'd air,
Tipp'd with fire every mountain, and ting'd the black
wave,
That heaving discover'd the mariner's grave.
Rocks, gulfs, and caves, tremendously frown'd,
Deep was the horror, the silence profound.
I shudder'd in sleep as the scene I beheld,
I breath'd not, and yet an existence I held—
Lock'd as with iron, my heart ceas'd to beat,
Rooted and firm were my motionless feet,
My eye in its socket was fix'd as a rock
That stands and defies the lightning's shock;
When sudden! a cloud darker than chaos
Rush'd o'er the moon, and extinguish'd her rays.

Black, black was the darkness—the silence more
deep
Than death's awful stillness, or nature's last sleep!
'Twas the pause of a moment,—the thunder's loud
crash
Burst o'er the mountains—the lightning's red flash
Discolour'd the air, and rent the hard rocks,
While earth, seas, and heaven, re-echo'd the shocks!
All was silent once more—the noise died away
In muttering sounds and hollow decay;
The conflict of nature's dark horror was past,
The struggling elements breath'd forth their last!
The moon faintly gleam'd—and the landscape appear'd
One volume of smoke—when a shriek met my ear
More dreadful, more piercing, than language can tell,
It might have proceeded from spirits in hell!
It rous'd me to life—it thrill'd through my brain,
'Twas repeated—I started—it echo'd again!
I turn'd to the sound—at that moment the moon
Stream'd with full glory, and banish'd the gloom,
I saw—what—O horror! no words can describe,—
I saw—and awoke—as I shudder'd and died!—

AN ADDRESS

TO MELANCHOLY,

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

COME, pensive maid, from lonely cell,
Pale melancholy—with thee bring
The cypress bough, and yew tree fell,
The shadowy veil, and mystic wing!

To sorrow's note restring my lyre,
O give it all her melting tones!
Such strains as Memnon's harp inspir'd,
When Day resign'd to Night his throne.

O come! for at thy sable shrine
A prince and people weeping bow,
Receive their sighs as grief like thine,
And in thy bosom seal their vow.

Thou com'st—and paler now thy look,
More wildly sad thine eye-balls glare;
Deep is the sigh that may not weep,
'Tis echo'd—ah! it says—despair!

'Tis well! for nature points thine eye
To Windsor's death-enshrouded pile;
There Charlotte and her baby lie,
The hope, the joy, of Britain's isle!

Drear is the midnight blast that sweeps
Along the mansion of the dead,—
And hovering spirits vigils keep
With him, whose hope on earth is fled!

For midnight blasts have rent the rose,
And torn it from its parent stem;
And Morn, (unconscious as she rose,)
Weeps o'er her fallen diadem!

Religion mourn! for virtue's fled—
Mourn nature! beauty's cheek is pale,

But, Britain mourn! thy *Charlotte's* dead—
Europa's lands, take up the wail!

And thou, lone maid, from cloister'd gloom
Come, and with me a pilgrim rove,
We'll pay our vows at Charlotte's tomb,
And drop one tear on England's love!

STANZA.

HAVE you seen the orb of day,
Rise with splendour on the morn?
Saw ye not the golden ray
Mountains, seas, and woods adorn?
Have you seen the cloud of even
Floating in the lunar beam—
While the stars around were weaving
Wreaths of light to crown their queen?
Yes! but transient was the brightness,
Sullen clouds o'erspread the sky;
Gloom and woe succeed to lightness,
Tears to smiles, in mortal eye!
England's sun has lost a beam,
The brightest beam that cheer'd our isle,
'Tis gone, and like a lovely dream,
We mourn its evanescent smile!

STANZAS.

WHY should we say that virtue dies,
Or beauty moulders in the dust?
To heaven's high joys they trembling rise,
And mingle with the good and just!

Why should we mourn our Charlotte's fate,
And vainly sigh, and vainly weep?
Why grieve her bless'd unchanging state,
As if 'twere an eternal sleep?

A brighter crown she now shall wear,--
A sceptre more supremely great—
A beauty more divinely fair—
And honours past the reach of fate!

THE

ECHO.

WHAT are all the joys of earth—
Riches, splendour, power, and birth?
What is beauty's fancied worth?
An echo!

What is glory's empty name?
What the noisy trump of fame?
All that monarchs, heroes, claim—
An echo!

What is friendship's dear delight?
In fortune's smile a diamond bright,
But in adversity's dark night—
An echo!

What is love's delusive beam?
(Flitting o'er a gilded scene,)
Not a flower, a sigh, a dream—
An echo!

What is the fanatic's creed?
(Faith without a virtuous deed;)
Try it, and you'll find in need—
An echo!

But the humble prayer sincere,
Rising to a gracious ear,
Listening angels earthward bear
Its echo!

Flitting through life's vale and bower,
Its tone undying sooths each hour,
For heaven eternaliz'd the power
Of echo!

THE

TOUCH OF WOE.

WHEN the mind's delusive slumber
Wakens at the touch of woe,
And the sorrow-startled number
Trembling moves in cadence slow,—

Though one only chord should quiver,
Mem'ry's harp has countless strings,
And the sympathetic shiver,
O'er the whole delirious rings!

Every woe its descant singeth,
Till the concert swells complete;
Sorrow past, her tribute bringeth
To the present's mournful fête!

'Tis the twilight of the spirit,
When the parting note has fled;
Softest melancholy o'er it,
Breathes a calm of sainted dead.—

Hope and fear, and wild emotion,
Sleep like summer's mildest wave,
When amid the peaceful ocean
Evening shrouds the sailor's grave!

Mem'ry with her busy finger,
Paints no more life's landscape fled,
For the clouds that near her linger,
Pale her pencil's tinting red.

O! who has not lov'd this feeling—
Lov'd and woo'd its longer stay?
'Tis the balm of sorrow, healing
Wounds which ne'er might see the day!

O! who has not mourn'd in sadness—
When the charm dissolv'd in air?

Though 'twere hope that whisper'd gladness,
Still that whisper breath'd of care!

Still obtrusive with it carried
World, and all its anxious scenes,
Things forgot—or distant tarried,
In the soul's enchanted dream.

Things that weeping fancy loves not
When she weaves her pensive song;
Earth-born cares her spirit suit not,
Softer woes to her belong!

Woes—like intermingled roses
With the cypress and the yew,
Tears of essence, sighs of muses,
Indistinct as twilight's hue!

Yet, O stay, thou dear delusion!
Scorn'd of reason, yet, O stay!
Mingle still thy sweet effusion,
In the bitter cup of day.

THOUGHTS

ON HEARING THE DEATH BELL.

WHAT sound is that? it is the knell of death!
O then my soul! let the dread warning be
The knell of earthly hopes, and fears, and vanities.
Still let it sound, till folly quits her station,
And all of trifling sickens at the tone!
The parting knell has rung—and yet its voice
Seems lingering in the air with mournful sigh,
As if it lov'd the melancholy office,
And wept its parting with an earthly grave!
Dread grave! what son of Adam hast thou now entomb'd?
Rich, poor, old, young, the learned, or the foolish,
Which is thy prey? insatiate in blood!
An infant—born and dying in one breath!

Now thou art kind indeed—it left no joy behind,
But 'scap'd a world of woe when passing through
Thy gate, and, beaming from afar,
Its cherub eye may view the danger past,
With grateful tear for its thrice happy fate!—
May wondering gaze on the dark throb of woe,
That heaves in ether with tumultuous swell;
And blots the fair horizon—well-nam'd *earth!*
A prison drear, that binds the indignant
Soul, in chains of bondage, woe, and misery!
Bless'd babe! thy flight was ta'en in happy time!
For on thy infant bud the chilly wind
Of poverty, would blightingly have blown;
And vice concomitant, have nipp'd thy bloom,
And rooted out thy virtues; nor wouldst thou
Then, as now, have been to bowers of joy
Sweetly transplanted—a weed perchance uprooted,
"A cumberer of the ground," on earth's polluted
Garden might'st have lain, till the dread
Day of doom.———Blossom of paradise!
How fair thy beauty, and how bless'd thy lot!

SONGS

OF THE

Spirits of Departed Flowers.

SONG OF THE ROSE.

I BREATH'D my last sigh on a beauty's breast,
When for a birth-day she was gaily dress'd;
And to Flora's airy bower,
Flew the spirit of a flower!
Earthly spring is here confin'd,
Flora can the chains unbind;—
Set the prison'd zephyr free,
Give the bird its wonted glee.

I her messenger to earth,
Often give a flow'ret birth;
Yield to chilly forms of death
Blooming life and fragrant breath.
When the sleeping snow-drop lies,
'Tis my voice that says "arise;"—
When the crocus starts to birth,
I command the loosen'd earth;
Summer flow'rets rise and fall
At my delegated call;—
Autumn yields his faded rose
To the hand that form'd its glows;
Nature gives to Flora power
Over garden, mead, and bower.
Come dance and sing
In sunny ring,
For here we breathe eternal spring!

SONG OF THE VIOLET.

I CLOS'D in death my dark blue eye,
When Laura's blush betray'd her shy!
Torn from my shade,
An emblem made
Of modesty which ne'er can fade,
I trembling sought Elysian bower,
And blossom an immortal flower.
Now brighter dew
Weeps o'er my blue,
For still I wear a pensive hue.
Then gayer flowers may dance and sing,
Mid aërial bowers, in sunny ring,
I only *smile* in endless spring!

SONG OF THE LILY.

INNOCENCE a murderer prov'd,
Hapless hour when Strephon lov'd!
Seizing on my snowy bell,
He bore me from the humble dell
An offering to a spotless maid,
That dwelt like me in lowly shade.
Come dance and sing
In sunny ring,
For here we breathe eternal spring!

SONG OF THE PRIMROSE.

BABY fingers form'd my grave
Underneath the willow's shade;
Tore me from the vernal gale,
That lov'd and woo'd my beauty pale!
Simple, unobtrusive flower,
I dreamt no mischief near my bower,
Till sighing I resign'd my breath
Into the cold embrace of death;
But from that breath an essence flew,
In form a primrose, and in hue!
Then dance and sing
In sunny ring,
For here we breathe eternal spring!

SONG

OF THE WALLFLOWER.

VICTIM of untoward love,
I flit a gentle shade above:
Melancholy sought my bower,
And listless pluck'd her fav'rite flower,
Strew'd all around
My leaves on the ground,
For love had made a cureless wound!
Come dance and sing
In sunny ring,
For here we breathe eternal spring!

SONG OF THE DAISY.

NO beauty to attract the eye,
My form was pass'd unheeded by;
I bloom'd my destin'd life away
Amid seclusion's happy day.
E'en biting gales that nip the rose,
And bend the myrtle's graceful boughs,
Wav'd gently o'er my sheltering thorn,
The type of poverty forlorn.
Unseen I liv'd, and peaceful died,
With mild contentment by my side.
Come dance and sing
In sunny ring,
For here we breathe eternal spring!

CHORUS.

HAPPY spirits, dance and sing,
Cloudless sunshine forms our ring;
Golden breezes, crystal dews,
Fan and bathe our aërial hues.
Flora gives her fav'rite flowers,
Joy eternal as their bowers!
Twine a wreath of sunbeams fairy,
Mingle beauty's essence airy,—
Weave the lucent tint above
With the hue of earthly love;—
Twine a wreath for Flora's brow,
Twine it all—and twine it now!
Dip it in the fount of bloom,
Where the flowers receive perfume;
Dip it in the vital spring,
Whence the flowers existence bring;

Bathe it in immortal light,
Gem it o'er with starlets bright;
Lucent ray from Cynthia's eye,
Shall our wreath together tie!
Twine a wreath—and twine it now,
Sunny wreath—for Flora's brow!

FOLLY.

KNOW ye that passing form? the hues
Incongruous, and the gaude and show, proclaim her
Folly;———a thing whose very soul
Seems mingled in its dress, and silk-entangled
In a maze of ribbons!
It might pass on, (as whims flit o'er
The brain by reason's power unheeded,
Or as the dew-drop from the cedar flies,
When tempest-shaken;) a trifle's very essence!
But look beyond this frippery;—
Survey the *mental* part, that little world
Whose flower, or weed, its soil and culture shews.
What has the search produc'd?
A dreary waste, in which no spot is found
Of verdure, or of beauty, a wilderness
Of weeds rank and empoison'd!
And does *no flower* amid this hideous growth

Rear its pale head? and by its withering leaf
Proclaim a feeble contest 'gainst the
Powers of mildew, thorns, and poison?
None, none,—and pity's ready tear
Back to its source may turn!
No generous purpose there, with upward ray,
Beams from the eye, no bright intelligence
Of mental energy, or sober light of
Thought, with feeling's tear begemm'd!
No sleeping virtue, waiting for the hour
That shall its dormant qualities call forth
Can there be found! nor active source
Of good, of charity, and truth!
But *envy's* blighting plant in unexhausted twine
Extends its maze, and wraps the hated forms
Of genius and of worth! like ivy's chill embrace,
At whose fell touch the empress of the
Woods droops mournfully, and sheds her wither'd
acorns!
Detraction's bloated leaf is there thrice potent,
And on the head of excellence its mildew sheds!—
While *self*-o'erweening *vanity* commingles

With nursing juice, to feed the bitter plants
Which, by their own asperity might wither,
On soil as scorch'd and arid!———
E'en *Wisdom's* steady eye at the first
Glance is startled, and claims a second look
To wake her slumbering aids, of scorn,
And cool contempt!
But *these* ere long are useless; through
The murky cloud that would envelope her
In kindred hue, she darts her radiant
Eye, unconscious of the foes
That at her lustre sicken. They,
To her mind absorbed, are things
As they *were not*, and *ne'er had been!*
She knows not, that the same existence
Binds in one frail link, their beings
Uncongenial; or, if at times remember'd,
'Tis safety's smile that on their weapons beams!
. . . . . Or such a glance
As *eagles* bend on *glow-worms*,
When sol from their undazzled eye
Withdraws his light!

SONG.

FANCY cull'd the flowers at morn—
Beauty wore them in her breast,
Dew-begemm'd from twilight's urn,
The silver droppings starr'd her vest.

Fancy cull'd the flowers at noon—
Beauty twin'd a garland fair;
Evening came—the silent tomb
Clos'd the faded flow'rets there!

Fancy wept o'er beauty's urn,
Wreath'd her brow with cypress tree,
Cull'd no more the flowers at morn,
But pensive sang as grief may be!

SONG.

O! WHY in the midst of luxuriant nature,
Should man discontented and peevishly stray?
Why mourn, when felicity breathes in each feature,
And blooms in the cheek of the sweet-scented May?
The trees in gay foliage and roseate blossom,
To gales undulating their beauty display,
And ask but a smile from the wandering bosom,
That will not be happy in nature's birth-day!

Shall self and its sorrow, for ever engross us,
And veil the bright landscape ere twilight is near?
No, perish the thought! it was painted to bless us,
And steal from the eye-lid its grief-dimming tear.
O then! to the fountain of bliss and of beauty,
Let anthems of gratitude joyfully rise;
The bird in its grove is performing this duty,
Ere morning descends from the slumbering skies!

BALLAD.

AT morn in Transylvanian bower,
When dew-drops glisten'd on the flower,
The marriage bell rang sweet and clear
To many a peasant's listening ear.

But, ah! in Transylvanian bower
Loud thunder mark'd the *evening* hour,
And darkness threw his sable shroud
O'er twilight's pale and infant cloud.

And lightning as it darted by
A voice seem'd from the frowning sky,
For mortal tongue ne'er utter'd sound,
That shriek'd the trembling woods around!

'Twas horror, singing o'er despair
A funeral song, that rent the air,

'Twas murder's deep and mingled cry
That rush'd in piercing accent by!

Dark was the height where Valmer stood,
And held his true love o'er the flood,
Frantic his eye, for wild the flame
Suspicion kindled in his brain.

"Curs'd be thy birth, and curs'd the grace
"That beams in that bewitching face,
"And curs'd the art that strove to win,
"That leads me to this deed of sin!"

"Did I not see him?—O that hour!—
"Eternal vengeance on thee shower!
"This morn thy vows to me were plighted,
"At noon, thou know'st how they were slighted!"

She rais'd to heaven her deep blue eye,
No tear she dropp'd, and heav'd no sigh,
Her cheek was pale, but not from fear;
For innocence was sleeping there!

"Die! traitress, die!" he wildly cried,
And hurl'd her o'er the mountain's side,
Then rush'd along, but rushing fell,
How low, the lightning's flash can tell!

Her bridal garb at morn so fair,
Arrang'd with love's fastidious care,
Now floats beneath the turbid wave,
By peasants call'd, "the victim's grave."

But where is he, whom lightnings shiver'd?
At mortal touch to dust he fell,
And the sear'd earth and herbage wither'd
The spot accurs'd to travellers tell.

A

THOUGHT.

WHEN sullen clouds obscure the sky,
And veil the sun's translucent eye,
Does he not shine as bright and fair
Above the gloom, in purer air?

So when a blindly judging world
On merit casts a shading veil,
With brighter glow its lustre burns
Beneath a cloud that meant to pale!

The mist that wreaths the mountain's side
Ere morning parts the circling shade,
Its lonely flower may only *hide*,
And *sullies* not one verdant blade!

So when detraction's envious haze
O'er genius weaves her darkling air,
Beneath, with undiminish'd rays,
The gem of mind is sleeping fair!

" I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all *is* vanity and vexation of spirit."—*Ecclesiastes.*

THE world is—what? "a cheat," Hilario cries,
"A gilded ruin, and a polish'd snare;
"Its breath is slander, and the feverish ill

Note. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the human species are in a state of continual warfare with each other, that the strong literally prey upon the weak, and the weak upon that which is still more feeble;—or that our passions are the sources, *not only* of our own *individual* misery, but contain in themselves the power of diffusing incalculable mischief, throughout so large, or small a part of the world, as our influence, in other respects, may happen to extend. But, from the *philosopher* who reasons subtilely, to the simple *peasant* who seeks for no other demonstration than his own observation and experience, *all* acknowledge, that there *is no* passion in the human breast so *detestable* in its *nature*, so *destructive* in its *consequences*, nor so *awfully universal*, as SLANDER. It is the canker-worm of the bosom—the bane of the domestic circle, the silently working mischief which has undermined states and subverted empires, nay, which has in these latter days raised its impious arm to heaven, and in the voice of *atheistic* madness dared *omnipotence* to his face!! How then shall weak and erring mortals escape its poisonous breath?

" Infectious mingles in the life of man.—
" And in its wild delirium it does utter
" Things of strange import, which, like
" The ravings of a madman, sometimes
" Bear the hue and stamp of reason;
" And blindly judging man hugs to his breast
" The dark deceit, nor sees distemper'd
" Images in each Phantasmagorian picture."
And are not seasons pass'd when *all* have
Thus soliloquiz'd? nay at *this* moment
Does not many an eye drop its last,
Lingering tear, o'er the deluding charm
Which painted every breast as guileless
As its own—and sketch'd with tint Edenic
Fancy's roseate world; and thought each
" Whited sepulchre" a joy—each gay deceit
A fair reality? " Oh yes!" full many a
Heart responsive sighs. Then why
Make *its* " dread laugh" our misery?
Why sink beneath *its* frown, when
Heaven perchance may smile the soft
Approval! Is it omnipotent? on what

High basis are *its* laws erected, that *they*
Should be eternal? where are its judgments
Graven? and where its register of frowns
And smiles? The morning breeze
That wanders o'er the flower and spends
Its little breath in the enjoyment—is
Not more departing. And can the fiat
Of a *day* doom me to woe unending, or
Its fickle smile insure my present bliss,
Or future joy? Ah no! then I would say,
O! be not anxious for its poor applause,
In justice seldom founded; nor sink
Beneath its censure, oftentimes far less
Deserved—and more unjust. But be
More anxious to deserve the approving
Smile of *Heaven*—though in gaining *which*
The *world* should frown; O heed it not,
For His all-searching eye pierces the
Labyrinth of mind, and traces to its source
Each word and deed, and oft the motive *loves*
Where men the action cannot *understand*,
Or blindly *disapprove*. And when the

World's poor praise would be the price
Of Heaven's displeasure—fly from its
Syren tongue—shrink from its dire
Embrace—the serpent's venom'd sting
Is not more sure of death. It punishes
At last its altar's dearest votary;
His sacrifice is not remember'd, no, nor
All his incense,—*justice* flies its
Rod, and *mercy* its dark chastisement,
And the whole penalty is deeply paid!
But more ungenerous still, it *mocks*
His fond credulity;—it holds the glittering
Toy with which it lur'd—before his
Aching eye, now stripp'd of all its beauty,
And asks,—"*what* have ye barter'd
"For this tinsel?—*what?* not a
"*World*—though *that* were much—not
"A *crown*—though men do worship it,
"But ye have sold that pearl of endless
"Price—your soul's integrity—all that,
"Which—(through the merit of a ransom
"Paid) ye might have hop'd to gain

" Hereafter!" *Such* is the language of
The world o'er its deluded votary—*such*
Its triumph o'er the hapless fallen!
Now mark the contrast.—Listen to
The voice whose seraph accents whisper
" Peace to man;"—" Repent, and ye shall
" Live,"—nay, " were your sins of crimson's
" *Deepest* die, they shall be white as wool!"
And your reward for this heart-humbling—is—
Eternal life!!

SCENE.

THE hour of closing bud was pass'd,
And summer shades were thick'ning fast,
Till o'er the broad expanse of heaven
One deep black cloud, unbroken even
By the last, lingering streaks of day,
Portentous roll'd its silent way;
But quickly stopp'd, with wondering awe,
For night such beauty never saw—
As on the sky's most eastern verge
From *fancy's* land did seem to emerge.
The cloud stood still! it durst not shade
A picture so divinely made.

And silence on the tree-top hung,
And to the earth her mandate sung,
" That hill and vale should breathe no sigh,
" But be like her, all ear, or eye!"
The aërial landscape spread not far—
Nor compass'd *many* a radiant star,
But in its *measur'd* space did bear
All beauty of the upper air.
Amid a plain of crystal light
The full-orb'd moon shone deeply bright;
No longer pale, her awful hue
Seem'd burnish'd gold 'mid lucent dew.
Nor did she throw around her beam
To gild the black cloud's threat'ning mien,
But glorious in concentred ray—
Her light seem'd that of orient day
Bright bursting o'er the mountain's crest,
When earth lies wrapp'd in twilight's vest!
And round her azure-glancing throne
Admiring stars resplendent shone,
Like morning's tears, that golden lie
On violet's bluely-tinted eye.—

Yet not complete the picture seem'd
Till round its form, a *frame* I deem'd,
Of purple cloud harmonious roll'd,
In perfect shape and outline bold!
Again, beneath this shading lay
A wave as white as ocean's spray,
When bursting in a sunbeam's eye,
And mingled light and water fly.
Nor is the picture *yet* complete,
For where the earth does ether meet,
(Or seems to meet,)—the horizon's sweep
A mirror seem'd so clear, so deep,
That every tree which crown'd the hill,
Its silent image saw at will;—
And seem'd to speak its sombre hue
As all expos'd it stood to view,—
"Put forth thy green—for morning's eye—
"Is glancing o'er the eastern sky!
"Put forth thy green—the flower is bright
"Beneath her rosy-tinted light!
"Put forth thy green—the lambkin wakes,
"And birds are murmuring in the brakes!

"Put forth thy green—her breath inhale,
"And scent the early-roving gale!"
I gaz'd around—above—below—
My fancy caught the inspiring glow;
It seem'd as if the ethereal powers
Amid their light-enwoven bowers—
Were painting on cerulean die
The unknown beauties of the sky;—
And dropp'd their curtain, lest the view
Should steal too much of heavenly hue!
Perchance some jealous sprite had seen
The eye which drank the *un*curtain'd scene,
And bid the cloudy mischief roll
Its shading film from pole to pole,—
For as I gaz'd the picture fled,
And darkness all his horrors shed!
Not from the ever-changing sky
With swifter glance do colours fly,
Than from the *mind* their mem'ry fades
When other scene, or hue invades;
But there are spells in magic *thought*
To bind *that* which is *soon forgot*,

And there are names, and times, and things,
Which have not, like gay fancy, wings,
And when *remembrance* tells *them* o'er,
Their *kindred* scenes again recur!

Note. This is no *fancy* scene—but one of the most beautiful realities that ever adorned an evening sky. When I endeavour *mentally* to resuscitate the picture, I feel how very imperfectly I must convey any idea of the *original*.

FINIS.

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